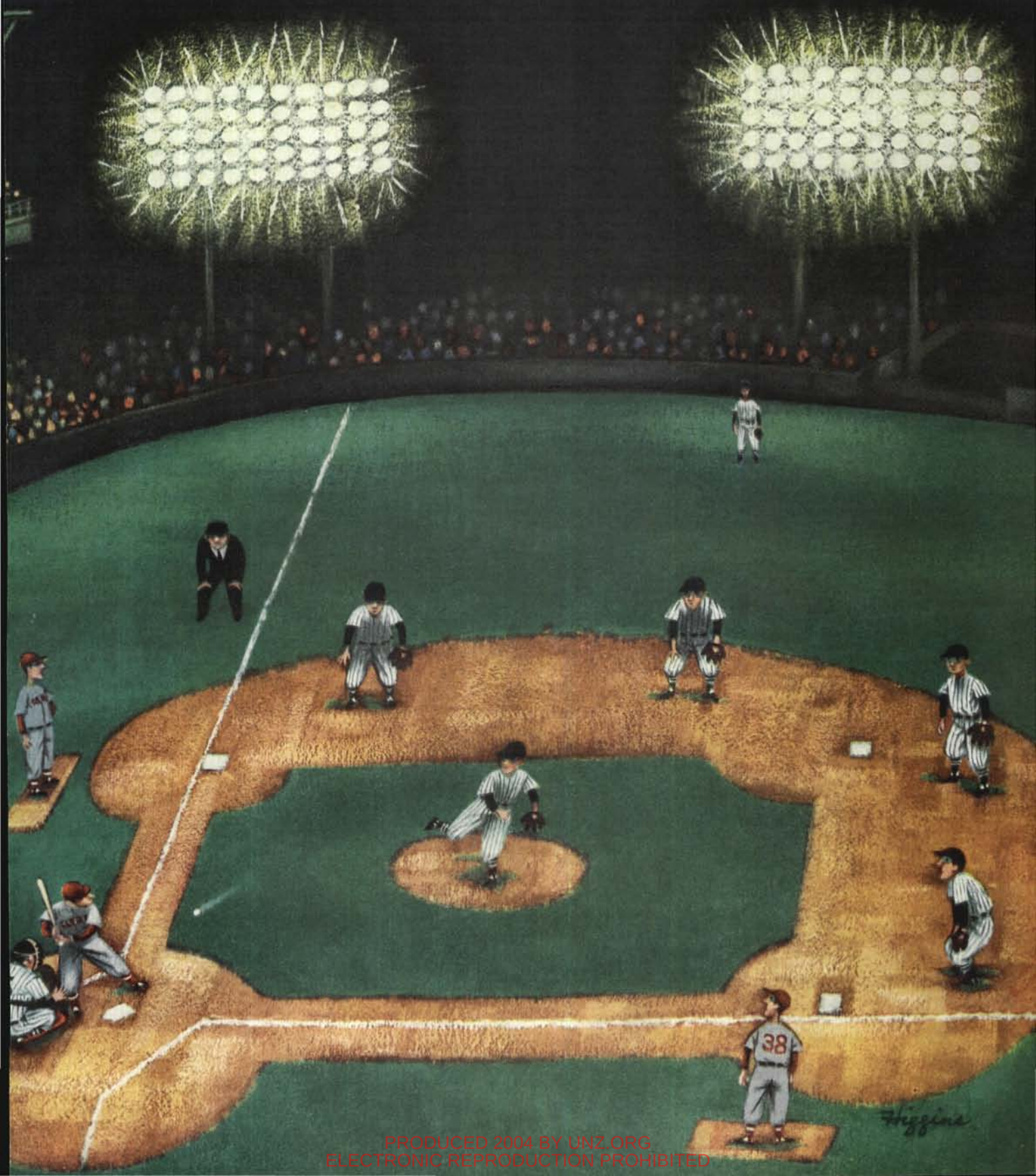
ITALY'S OIL RUSH

April 21, 1955 25¢

Dr. Freud Coaching at Third (page 41)

THE REPORTER



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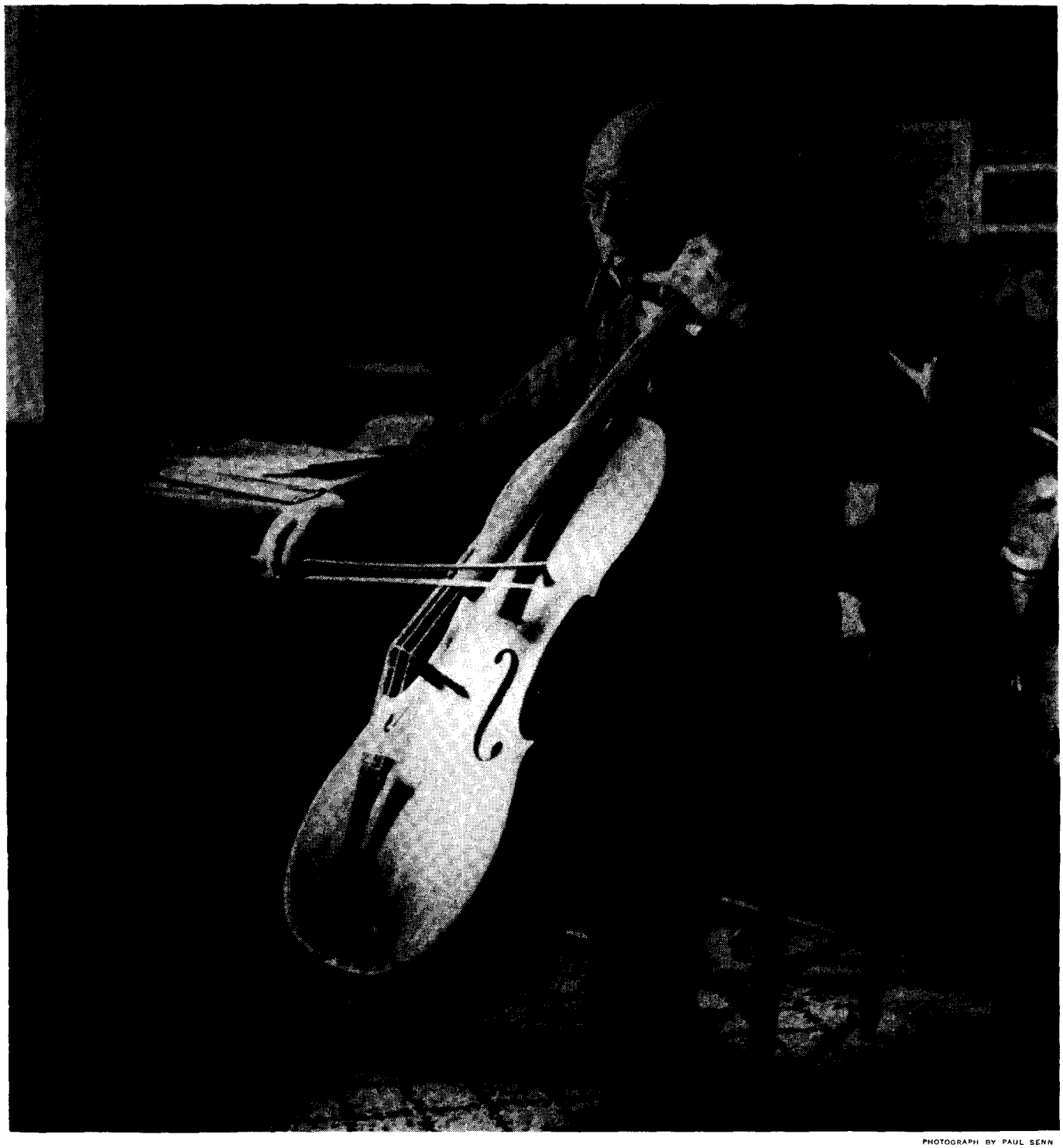
THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL SENN

The music world has hailed Pablo Casals as the greatest living musician; and a fortunate few of his admirers have made the journey to the tiny French town of Prades to hear him play and conduct his favorite works. In order that the genius of Casals may be heard by thousands more and for a thousand years to come, Columbia has recorded in France the miracle of his performance. These precious records are a tribute to his genius. Pablo Casals has chosen to record *exclusively* for Columbia Masterworks Records.

Recent Columbia Masterworks "Lp" Records by Pablo Casals include:

Schumann: Concerto in A Minor—ML 4926. $5.95

Casals Festival at Prades—four 12" records. SL-183. $23.80

■ **We will be pleased to send you a copy of the above photograph, suitable for framing. Write Columbia Records, Room 3R, 799 7th Avenue, N. Y. C.**

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Now Puerto Rico Offers 100% Tax Exemption to New Industry

by BEARDSLEY RUML

"We don't want runaway industries" says Governor Muñoz. "But we do seek new and expanding industries." Federal taxes do not apply in Puerto Rico, and the Commonwealth also offers full exemption from local taxes. That is why 300 new plants have been located in Puerto Rico, protected by all the guarantees of the U. S. Constitution.

Beardsley Ruml

IN A dramatic bid to raise the standard of living in Puerto Rico, the Commonwealth Government is now offering U. S. manufacturers such overwhelming incentives that more than three hundred new factories have already been established in this sun-drenched island 961 miles off the Florida coast.

First and most compelling incentive is a completely tax-free period of ten years for most manufacturers who set up new plants in Puerto Rico.

For example, if your company is now making a net profit after taxes of $53,500, your net profit in Puerto Rico would be $100,000—a gain of 87 per cent as a result of non-applicability of U. S. Corporate Income Tax in Puerto Rico.

Your dividends in Puerto Rico from a corporation there could be $50,000 against $25,000 net in the U. S.—owing to the non-applicability of the U. S. Income Tax.

What About Labor?

Puerto Rico's labor reservoir of 650,000 men and women has developed remarkable levels of productivity and efficiency—thanks, in part, to the Commonwealth's vocational training schools. These schools also offer special courses for managers and supervisors.

The progress made in technical skills may be gauged from the fact that there are now twenty-eight factories producing delicate electronic equipment.

Among the U. S. companies that have already set up manufacturing operations in Puerto Rico are Sylvania Electric, Carborundum Company, St. Regis Paper, Remington Rand, Univis Lens, Shoe Corporation of America, and Weston Electric.

CORPORATE TAX EXEMPTION

If your net profit after U. S. Corporate Income Tax is:	Your net profit in Puerto Rico would be:
$ 17,500	$ 25,000
29,500	50,000
53,500	100,000
245,500	500,000
485,500	1,000,000

DIVIDEND TAX EXEMPTION

If your income* after U. S. Individual Income Tax is:	Your net income in Puerto Rico would be:
$ 3,900	$ 5,000
7,360	10,000
10,270	15,000
14,850	25,000
23,180	50,000
32,680	100,000
43,180	200,000
70,180	500,000

*These examples are figured for dividends paid in Puerto Rico to a single resident. Based on Federal rates effective Jan. 1, 1954.

"Close to Paradise"

Listen to what L. H. Christensen, Vice President of St. Regis Paper, says:

"The climate is probably as close to paradise as man will ever see. I find Puerto Ricans in general extremely friendly, courteous and cooperative.

"This plant in Puerto Rico is one of our most efficient operations, in both quality and output. Our labor has responded well to all situations."

Mr. Christensen might have added that the temperature usually stays in the balmy 70's twelve months a year.

The swimming, sailing and fishing are out of this world. Your wife will rejoice to hear that domestic help is abundant.

The Commonwealth will leave no stone unturned to help you get started. It will build a factory for you. It will help you secure long-term financing. It will even screen job applicants for you—and then train them to operate your machines.

Transportation

Six steamship companies and four airlines operate regular services between Puerto Rico and the mainland. San Juan is just 5½ hours by air from New York.

Light-weight articles such as radar components come off the line in Puerto Rico one day and are delivered by air freight next day in Los Angeles, Chicago and other mainland cities. And, of course, there is no duty of any kind on trade with the mainland.

Are You Eligible?

Says Governor Muñoz: *Our drive is for new capital. Our slogan is not "move something old to Puerto Rico," but "start something new in Puerto Rico" or "expand in Puerto Rico."*

The Commonwealth is interested in attracting all suitable industries, and especially electronics, men's and women's apparel, knitwear, shoes and leather, plastics, optical products, costume jewelry, small electrical appliances, hard candy and pharmaceuticals.

To get all the facts, and to find out whether you and your company would be eligible for complete tax exemption, mail the coupon below.

MAIL THIS COUPON

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Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. RE1
579 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Mail me "Facts for Businessmen," your report of the advantages of Puerto Rico for plant location.

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Company_____

Product_____

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Ascent

There was rather a lugubrious obituary quality in the treatment given by the American press to Sir Winston's resignation, with much of the material obviously borrowed from stories in the newspapers' morgues. From this viewpoint, the London newspapers have been luckier, for the electricians' strike prevented the premature getting into print of pieces held in the folder CHURCHILL, SIR WINSTON.

Somehow we don't feel in any way mournful or tearful. We cannot bring ourselves to write about the end of an era, the closing of a glorious career, etc. We like to think of Sir Winston as somebody very much alive. He felt a wrench on parting from No. 10 Downing Street, but he has felt similar wrenches before and then gone on to greater things. In 1915, for instance, he said he was a finished man when he had to resign as First Lord of the Admiralty. In 1945, after he had saved—to say the least—his country, the British electorate ejected him from the same house he has just left. Less than a year after that, in Fulton, Missouri, he forced on all Americans the inescapable awareness of the new peril against which they, as the most powerful among the free peoples, had to brace themselves.

Sir Winston's authority doesn't come from any office. That is why we like to think that he can be of greater use to mankind now that his age and his Tory followers' ambitions have freed him from the restraints of protocol and administrative routine.

We Americans particularly need the advice and the inspiration that this son of a girl from Brooklyn is uniquely qualified to give us. Who is there to tell our statesmen how silly they are, how self-defeating, if they don't find any better justification for their policies than the pursuit of so-called American self-interest? The leadership of a nation whose aims do not go beyond self will not be respected by other nations. Only Sir Winston can give us the broader, more generous notion of our interests that will put to shame all the calculations of those confused, panicky accountants who pretend to guide the economy and the policy of our nation.

But who can pretend to anticipate and define what the English-speaking world, and indeed the whole world, can expect of Sir Winston? We can only be sure that he will go higher and higher, rendering greater and greater services, for this has been the line of ascent that has marked his whole life.

This progress will go on for quite some time, we hope, while Sir Winston is, to use the official language, retired. Somehow, we cannot succeed in considering even his death—not to speak of his departure from office—as the end of anything. For his spirit—or at least a great part of it—will remain among the living, as a timeless evidence of the greatness, of the courage, of the goodness that can be released within the span of a man's life. Actually, nothing has stopped in the past, and nothing can stop in the future, the ascent of Sir Winston Churchill.

'The Best-Qualified Man'

When Secretary of State Dulles last December 30 announced the appointment of Edward Corsi as his special assistant for refugee and immigration problems, he declared that Corsi, his "old friend," was "the best qualified man in the United States" to help solve them. Three months later, Corsi was fired. His ninety-day probationary period, he was told, was over. Corsi never had been informed that he was on probation, pending a security check. No, he was not a security risk, but the ninety-day period was over anyway. Assistant Secretary Loy Henderson presented "the State Department's apologies."

Corsi's qualifications arise from a lifetime spent working with immigration, labor, and relief matters on three levels—local, state, and Federal. He had an immediate human understanding of them, since he himself came here from Italy as a ten-year-old. Corsi is one of that rare species, a liberal Republican with close working ties to organized labor and the foreign-born. President Hoover called him in as his U.S. Immigration Commissioner, and Governor Thomas E. Dewey as his New York State Industrial Commissioner; the Republicans ran him for Mayor of New York in 1950—a campaign in which Governor Dewey, however, lent him only nominal support.

Secretary Dulles, in need of expert and sympathetic help to administer the 1953 Refugee Relief Act, appointed Corsi. But Congressman Francis E. Walter (D., Pennsylvania) did not approve. Congressman Walter, after sitting for two terms on the House Un-American Activities Committee, has now emerged as its Chairman. He was co-author with the late Senator McCarran of the restrictive immigration legislation of 1952, and Edward Corsi has sharply criticized that Act. Corsi's Washing-

ON LIMITED WARFARE

Don'tcha worry, honey chile,
Don'tcha cry no more,
It's jest a li'l ole atom bomb
In a li'l ole lim'ted war.

It's jest a bitsy warhead, chile,
On a li'l ole tactical shell,
And all it'll do is blow us-all
To a li'l ole lim'ted hell.

—SEC

THE REPORTER, April 21, 1955. Volume 12, No. 8. Entered as second-class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday, except for omission of two summer issues, by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1955 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

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ton job was not to administer that Act, but to expedite the subsequent Refugee Relief law that made exceptions to it. Still, co-author Walter had not forgotten the man who had criticized his forgotten pet law. He accused Corsi of past connection with Communist-front groups. One of the cases he cited he has since had to withdraw as "in error." The others Corsi denies.

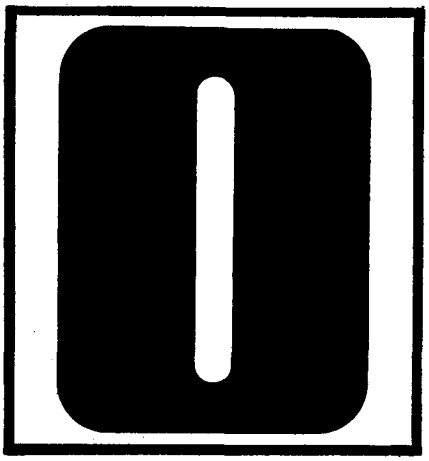
There has been no hearing, no testimony, no chance for sworn defense. The State Department, when Secretary Dulles's "old friend" Corsi came under Democrat Walter's guns, made no move to defend him but simply advised him to lie low: One shouldn't argue with a Congressman. A public that had seen the Secretary bow deeply before Republican hatchet men on the Hill now saw him bow in equally nonpartisan fashion to a Democratic hatchet man.

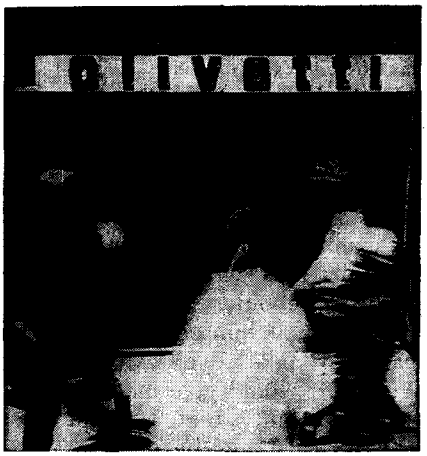
On April 8, Dulles tried to smooth the whole thing over by offering Corsi an assignment that "would involve making a survey with reference to the possibilities of land settlement by immigrants in Latin America and other areas."

Sewell Avery's Rival

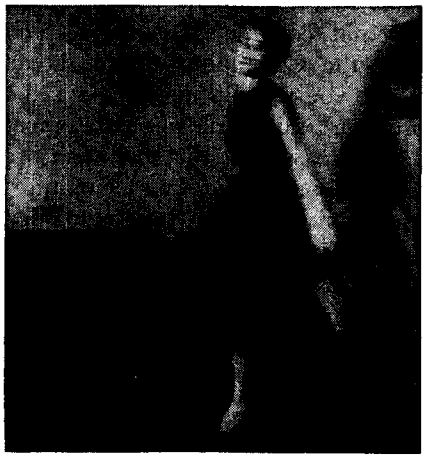
It was quite an experience to meet Louis Wolfson when he paid a visit to Washington recently to hold a meeting with Montgomery Ward stockholders. In spite of his youth, he seems well cast for the role of a big businessman who has put together a minor industrial empire and is now bidding for the nation's second largest retail-and-mail-order concern. He is tall, straight, deeply tanned, with a jutting chin and lustrous black, wavy hair parted down the middle. But his soft, hesitant Southern drawl came as rather a surprise and so did his troubles with grammar. "The salaries in Montgomery Ward is not exorbitant," he said. "I never hesitate in paying a man that produces."

On the question where he would get his top management, he declared, "We have six men that's willing." "I'm worried and concerned of this type of tactics," he said of Montgomery Ward Chairman Sewell Avery's recent coup in getting the Teamsters Union proxies. Throughout the meeting, Wolfson was





The Olivetti portable portable is a handsome personal possession; it has in fact been seen in many good-design exhibits. Its distinctive Lettera type is optional. The neutral color of its aluminum body blends harmoniously with room interiors. $88 plus taxes, in most states, including smart two-tone carrying case. At Olivetti's own stores: 584 Fifth Avenue, New York; 230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 17 Second Street, San Francisco; and at Olivetti dealers.



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Ten years have passed and still the hate is green
As the grass around the grave; and still the dogs
Scrabble in whining frenzy in the mud
For the fresher bones of blame. This is a time
When nobody speaks of you except in ire and those who loved
Keep silent. This is a time
Of no memorials and a foreign shrine
Defaced. Your name's
No use to anyone now and is not used
But cursed. But quiet now, and still;
Quiet and still as thousands who walk by
And look with love and homage where you lie.

—SEC

flanked by David Charnay, the enterprising public-relations man who has served such diverse clients as John L. Lewis's Mine Workers, the Chinese Nationalists, and the trucking industry in its recent head-on collision with the Eastern railroads.

Mr. Charnay's client answered with almost brutal candor some of the questions written out by the proxy shareholders and read off by Mr. Charnay himself. Why did he want to take over Montgomery Ward? "It would give me the greatest opportunity that I could ever look forward to," he declared earnestly. "Every corporation I have moved into was morally sick and financially weak. I know that I can improve it with ease with all that money laying there." Would he show special favor to his numerous relatives and friends if he became chairman? "I've always favored my friends, other things being equal, without penalizing my company," Wolfson announced.

However, he had no intention of frightening the shareholders. If Montgomery Ward made gains under his management, they would share those gains right along with him. There would be gains, too, because "Sewell Avery's depression" was not coming. "As long as you have the Communist threat, I can assure you we will never have a depression," said Wolfson, a statement hardly reassuring to those who are charged with countering Communist propaganda about war-nourished capitalism.

Quite a number of the stockholders seemed favorably impressed. But we left the meeting wondering whether the extraordinary candor and grammar of this young man were his own or something dreamed up by the inventive Mr. Charnay.

They Shall Not Pass

A recent Cadillac advertisement genteelly exhorts drivers of its 1955 models not to "use that tremendous power to dominate the highway—or to embarrass a fellow motorist.

"In fact," the ad writer continues, "a good rule for owners . . . might very well read: 'Be *last* away when the light turns green. Remember: it's not how *fast* but how *wonderful*.'"

This poses some problems to Cadillac owners. Should they refrain from passing a fellow motorist for fear of embarrassing him? Or should they simply pass without sneering, or pass with a hangdog expression, or what?

At least one group of Cadillac owners—or rather Cadillac *users*—ignored the advice in drastic fashion April 6. They were the thugs who established a new North American record for bank holdups by escaping with $305,000 in cash from the Woodside, New York, branch of Chase Manhattan. They got away in a stolen Cadillac, and we understand they passed everything on the road without so much as an apologetic wave to an ad writer.

For Republicans Only

The two men who drafted for the Republican Senatorial Policy Committee a summary of the Yalta papers are Lloyd Jones, its staff director, and Arthur Burgess, a staff writer. But the report itself says that nobody is responsible for

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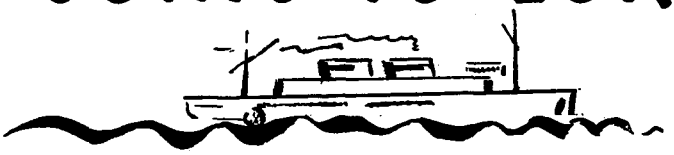
GOING TO EUROPE?—



...OR JUST DREAMING?

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Many travelers first discover the essential geography of the places they visit *after they come back home.* Then they realize, too late, how much more they could have enjoyed their trip if they had only known their way around.

How often have you heard returned travelers say, "It took us almost a week to learn our way around London, *and then we had to leave.* Next time we'll know just what to do!"

The lost hours of appreciation, the time and money wasted in this glacial process of learning, can never be regained. Yet this waste is almost totally unnecessary!

Almost any frank traveler will tell you how agonizing it can be when you are so ignorant of a city or country that you have to ask countless questions of total strangers ... but no matter how many you ask, you are never quite able to get your bearings!

There is another side to this coin. Travelers will also tell you, with amusement, that one of the rare pleasures

of a visit to a foreign city comes in that moment when the first stranger (possibly another American) asks directions to some well-known landmark, and you confidently tell him to *turn right two blocks ahead, and look up.*

Americans who are experienced abroad will also tell you of the solid, lasting pleasure that comes with a thorough knowledge of a foreign city or country, or of a foreign language.

Few people who have not been abroad know whether Oxford is north, east, south or west of London, or how far. What do *you* suppose the distance is from Edinburgh to Glasgow, 40 miles or 140? If Florence is about 140 miles from Venice, how far would you say it is from Rome? What's the distance from Paris to Berne, from Brussels to Copenhagen and Stockholm?

How much of your time abroad do you wish to spend asking such questions, if you know you can easily have all the answers before leaving America?

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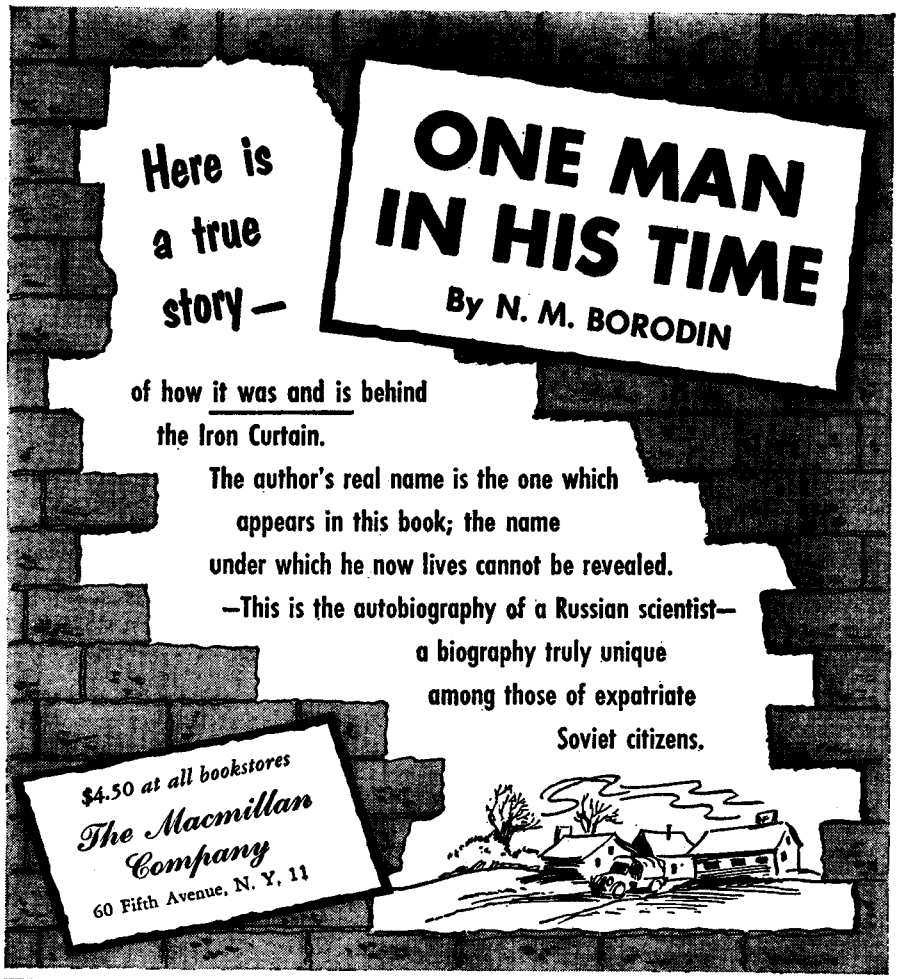
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it. "Neither the Members of the Republican Policy Committee," reads a careful disclaimer, "nor other Republican Senators are responsible for the statements herein contained, except such as they are willing to endorse and make their own."

Mr. Jones, a thin, scholarly-looking man with a small golden-blond mustache, sees nothing odd about his ghostly duties. "It was just a routine summary of a report, made at the request of Senator Bridges." He was aware that the President had decried the use of the Yalta papers for partisan purposes, but he didn't see what that had to do with his organization, a Republican committee working for a Republican Senator. "I don't see any connection," he said.

Only five hundred copies of the summary were printed, for distribution to Republican Senators and anyone else who asked for it. Although some Senators put in requests for huge bundles, Mr. Jones has had to limit them to ten each.

The Committee couldn't get the Yalta release from the State Department, so it borrowed Senator Bridges's copy. It took them about a week's work. "We're both ex-newspapermen, and we know what to look for," Mr. Jones told us.

Their report is entitled "Highlights of the Yalta Papers and Related Data." Among other highlights, it points out that "Mr. Roosevelt says TVA Idea Same as that Russia Uses." We read on: "The President added that there was a parallel, he thought, in Europe in that certain countries had adequate supplies of power, such as coal and water power, and those countries had cheap and abundant electric power, whereas other countries within fifty miles had neither. He felt that this situation was wrong. *He mentioned that in the Soviet Union and its various republics consideration had been given to the problem of a country as a whole,* and in the United States the TVA had the same idea. He mentioned that in the region of the TVA electric current was sold at the same price throughout the area." (Italics theirs.)

Why this little nugget in what is primarily a foreign-policy controversy? "It seemed of interest to us," Mr. Jones said. "Don't you think it's of interest?"

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CORRESPONDENCE

NOW WE ARE SIX

To the Editor: Together with many friends, I want to hail *The Reporter* on its sixth anniversary. You have been going from strength to strength in the content of your paper, and I am glad to know that you have had a corresponding response from the public. *The Reporter* has become absolutely indispensable for an intelligent survey of the world's happenings.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR
Union Theological Seminary
New York City

To the Editor: I am delighted that *The Reporter*, just turned six and out of knee pants, is growing so rapidly.

Those of us who have followed *The Reporter* with such interest and enthusiasm rejoice in the record of these six years. Yours has been a resolute voice in the cause of sanity, at a time when independence, moderation, and reason have not always been secure, let alone fashionable.

I hope your brave and useful youth is but a foretaste of the years to come.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON
Chicago

To the Editor: *The Reporter* has maintained a high standard of editorial excellence in its articles and comment. I wish for it a long and continuing history of increasing success.

RALPH MCGILL
Editor, the *Constitution*
Atlanta

To the Editor: The ability described by Matthew Arnold, to see things steadily and as a whole, has been rare in any age and in none more so than our own. In an era of ever-accelerating change, of whirling, compounding complexity, the centrifugal pressures drawing men and nations to the extremes of Right and Left have become stronger and stronger.

Because this is so, the need for a widely circulated magazine objectively reporting the significant facts, approaching the problems of our time with tough and open-minded liberalism, has never been greater. This *The Reporter* has done. It has seen things steadily and as a whole: yielding nothing and gaining much in the struggle to maintain perspective and balance in a shifting and unsteady world.

The established and growing success of *The Reporter* is a heartening sign of resurgent energy and confidence among intelligent Americans determined to protect and preserve the traditional values of western society.

AVERELL HARRIMAN
Executive Chamber
Albany

To the Editor: From its inception *The Reporter* was a great success with those who were open to new ideas and, as quality of writing, originality, and fairness were continuing virtues, each issue has rightly commanded a wider audience. I am certainly appreciative of the careful reporting of the facts, the novel approach, that has consist-

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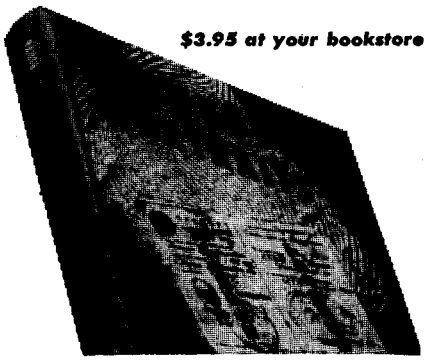

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ently characterized *The Reporter's* articles. I also appreciate the cleverness of the drawings, the coverage of the arts, and the attractive format of the magazine. I am happy to congratulate the editors upon their constructive achievement.

SARAH GIBSON BLANDING
President, Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, New York

To the Editor: *The Reporter* has established itself as an independent journal of reliable fact and responsible opinion. In such troubled times, a democratic society needs careful reporting and courageous discussion of conflicting viewpoints. Only thus can intelligent choices be made by a free people.

WAYNE MORSE
U.S. Senate

To the Editor: I was one of *The Reporter's* original subscribers, and have read faithfully every issue that has come along. Also, the Book-of-the-Month Club was one of its very early advertisers, and we have found, from the beginning, that it is one of our most reliable media. There is no doubt about the reason: It's a magazine that is opened up and read. I can assure you that our long experience gives us a highly accurate line on what magazines are *not* read.

More power to you.

HARRY SCHERMAN
Chairman of the Board
Book-of-the-Month Club
New York City

To the Editor: My best wishes to *The Reporter*, the editor and staff, on its sixth anniversary. May its growth during the next six years be as solid and well founded as it has been in the past six years.

JOHN SPARKMAN
U.S. Senate

To the Editor: I have not been without *The Reporter* since it first was published. I read it in Oregon, both at my home and at the Legislature. I now am reading it at Washington, D.C. It once went with me in my knapsack on a trip into the wilds of the Yukon. Whether in the Senate reading room or beside a campfire near the Arctic Circle, I have enjoyed its courageous and enlightened contributions. I do not always agree with everything in *The Reporter*, but I respect the willingness of *The Reporter* to tackle issues that are not always presented to the American public.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER
U.S. Senate

To the Editor: As a Canadian Member of Parliament, trying to unravel the mysteries of what is what in the U.S.A., I find your publication invaluable. Some of the information published in *The Reporter* was, so far as I know, not available anywhere else in the world.

ELMORE PHILPOTT, M.P.
Ottawa

To the Editor: I think *The Reporter* is one of the most original and courageous magazines published in this country. It is usually found in the forefront on the discussion of controversial subjects which many magazines avoid until such controversies have been resolved.

J. W. FULBRIGHT
U.S. Senate

To the Editor: Our country is greatly helped by your vigorous editorial policy. The liberal viewpoint must have expression, and in your columns this is done on a factual basis and without abuse.

BROOKS HAYES
U.S. House of Representatives

ARE DAMS OBSOLETE?

To the Editor: I have read with interest your "companion" articles on power policy (Senator Richard L. Neuberger, *The Reporter*, February 24, and Representative Harris Ellsworth, *The Reporter*, March 24). The omission by both of them of any consideration of nuclear reactors as sources of electrical power strikes me. If we are, as Representative Ellsworth says, to evolve ". . . . a dynamic new program realistically designed to meet projected power needs," surely we cannot fail at least to consider the installation of atomic piles. Flood control and the conservation and distribution of water need not necessarily be considered at one and the same time with electric power. Windmills are long since obsolete, and dams as sources of power are all but obsolete. Is it possible we have eliminated from responsible positions in government all persons who might think in terms of the constructive uses of atomic energy?

CATHARINE TRYON
Madison, Wisconsin

CORRECTION

To the Editor: Our firm was most interested in reading "The Private Eyes" by William S. Fairfield and Charles Clift in your issue of February 10. We were pleased, too, that on page 21 you made mention of our company. We were referred to as J. C. Warner Co. of Long Island, whereas our firm name is J. C. Warren Corporation, Freeport, Long Island. If there is an opportunity to correct this error, we would certainly appreciate it.

JOHN C. WARREN
President
J. C. Warren Corporation
Freeport, New York

DO COMMUNISTS HAVE ANY RIGHTS AS CITIZENS?

To the Editor: The article by Paul Jacobs in the March 24 issue brings to my mind a number of other recent court decisions in which the rights of Communists have been infringed by states. These are the Florida case in which the disbarment of a lawyer because of Communist affiliations was upheld, and the California decision upholding the right of motion-picture producers to discharge Communists.

There is one important point about all three of these decisions, however, which Mr. Jacobs does not bring out, a point which I feel is of vital relevance to the whole problem of national internal security.

The major justification for the Federal government's security porgram as upheld by the Supreme Court in *Baily* v. *Richardson* is that government employment is a privilege and not a right, and that the government

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need not be concerned with abstract rights in its handling of personnel but only consider its own interests. This theory maintains, in other words, that government employment is unique, that it is qualitatively different from private employment. Presumably, then, those employed in private occupations do have some rights, since this is the distinction between public and private employment.

Both the Florida case and the two California cases have now extended the philosophy of employment as a privilege to private employment. The consequence of this is to remove the justification from the Federal security program. The question for public employment in the light of these considerations should include considerations of rights. In three instances, courts have used the right of the Federal government to discharge Communists as a justification for giving that same power to private employers; it would appear that it is the duty of the Administration to take these facts into consideration and perhaps to make the security progarm less subject to abuse.

PETER J. DOERR
New York City

To the Editor: May I suggest that if all employers invoke the sanction given them by the California State Supreme Court to discharge any Communist, "simply for being a Communist," the Communists employ each other? This also might serve as another test of the old adage that the reason why socialism and Communism won't work is because Socialists and Communists won't work.

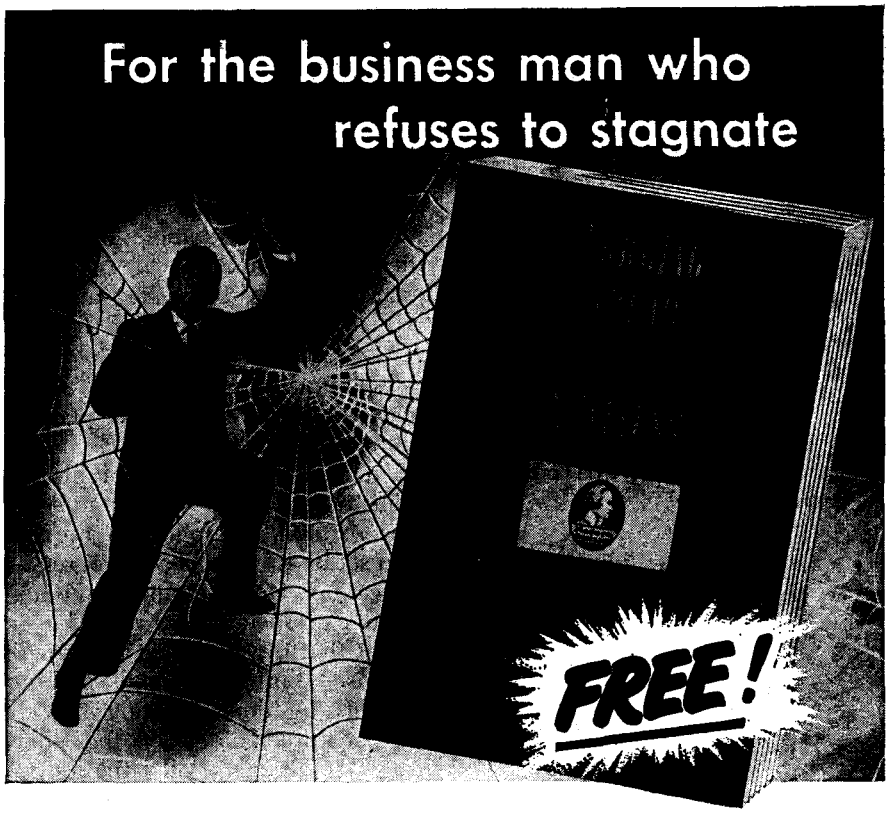
FRED W. SPEERS
Escondido, California

To the Editor: I think the California decision *Walker* v. *Cutter Laboratories* reaches a desirable end, which is one of the goals of our judicial system. The basic purpose underlying it is to preserve our society by administering simple justice in settling disputes. It is in the interest of preserving our society to eradicate Communists, and this discussion may well make significant contributions to the effort.

Simply refusing to uphold a particular contract is not to deny the rights of citizenship, as Mr. Jacobs suggests. There are many instances of contract that the courts will not uphold, such as contracts induced or executed by fraud and misrepresentation, contracts in contravention of the laws of another state, and many others. And neither is it unheard of in law, as Mr. Jacobs implies, to hold one party to a contract bound, while allowing the other party to avoid the contract. Under the theory of the Walker case, Communists themselves would not necessarily be able to violate contracts without being liable therefor.

Flimsy also is the argument that the court dockets will be filled with similar cases. That in itself is no reason to impede measures designed to preserve our society—it is not even a good reason for defeating mere expedient measures. The courts are established to adjudicate differences, not to utilize any means to avoid them whatever the consequences. Why should anyone who is dedicated to the overthrow of our system eat or otherwise avail themselves of our blessing?

JOHN W. LEIBOLD
Ada, Ohio



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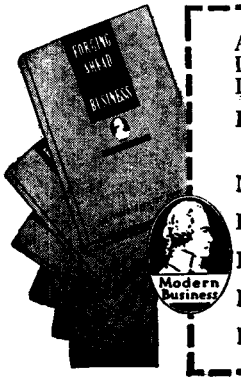

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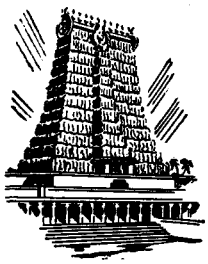

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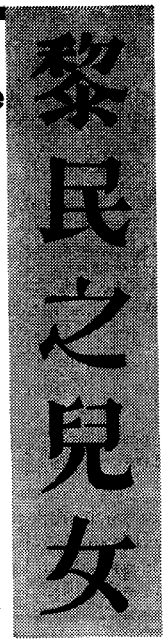

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

As WE enter our seventh year of publication, **Max Ascoli's** editorial makes a station break for identification and provides the magazine's steadily increasing audience with a candid account of *The Reporter's* nature and intent.

Reappraisals are salutary. **Richard H. Rovere** offers a personal reappraisal of President Eisenhower at a critical moment of his Administration. The President, Mr. Rovere thinks, is following the pattern set by the schools of progressive education: He is learning by doing. In one respect there can be no doubt that the President has greatly surprised both his friends and opponents by demonstrating that he has acquired much of the politician's traditional skill. Mr. Rovere will be remembered by our readers for his account of "The Adventures of Cohn and Schine" (July 21, 1953). His present article will be followed by other appraisals from different angles of the President's record.

ITALY, that old and glorious Cinderella country, has lately had an extraordinary bit of good luck. Oil has been found in its subsoil. Italy's unique distinction of being the only country that has twice provided leadership to the civilized world—in the Roman Empire and the Renaissance—cannot compensate for a desperate lack of natural resources that has been so grievous a handicap in this era of industrialism. Undoubtedly conflict is unavoidable between an understandable Italian eagerness to benefit exclusively from this new source of wealth and the equally legitimate interests of American oil companies that are in a position to speed up the process of getting out the oil and expect to profit in the course of doing so. This conflict has marked the emergence of an extraordinary kind of Italian, a business empire builder like those we had at the end of the last century. The conflict has also shown that American diplomacy is not functioning in Italy at what might be called its best. Our report from Rome is by staff writer **Claire Sterling.**

Charles W. Thayer, long a senior U.S. diplomatic official in Germany and the Soviet Union and now retired from government service, tells us about German rearmament.

Brigadier General **Thomas R. Phillips** (U.S.A., Ret.) goes into the situation of Quemoy and Matsu. In these days no subject could possibly be of greater importance. An interesting sidelight is provided by **John Carter Vincent,** one of the most distinguished victims in the purge of "old China hands."

Are off-the-record press conferences devised to inform the public or are they used mainly for the purpose of sending up trial balloons? Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** reports his findings.

We in the United States are too apt to take Canadian friendship for granted and forget Canada's rightful insistence that it is a country with a strong individuality of its own. **Leslie Roberts** is the author of *Canada—The Golden Hinge* and *The Mackenzie River.*

Richard M. Jones, who says that profound psychological disturbances caused the Cleveland Indians' debacle last fall, used to play shortstop for the Social Relations Department softball team at Harvard, where he works in the Psychological Clinic. **Don Higgins,** who painted the cover illustrating this article, hates umpires. That is why he left out the plate umpire.

Roland Gelatt is New York editor of *High Fidelity.*

Our article on Richard Aldington's attack on the fabulous Lawrence of Arabia is by **John Rosselli,** editorial writer and literary critic of the Manchester *Guardian.*

Lee Culpepper is on the staff of *The Reporter.*

H. S. Polin is an American physicist on the staff of the Institute of Biophysics, University of Brazil.

Frances Frenaye is a well-known literary translator.

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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In time of trouble, public or private, it is often the most obvious and simple things that offer the greatest aid and comfort.

Recently, for example, a number of highbrow free thinkers, who have prided themselves on their ability to rise above tradition and convention, have been surprised to learn that, after all, there is something useful for today in Christianity.

These people, with their confused recollections of the Bible from their Sunday School days, have a curiosity about Christianity, which is not satisfied by even the most silver-throated evangelist or the most positive of radio preachers.

To answer some of their questions, the Christian Faith Series, edited by the noted Protestant theologian, Reinhold Niebuhr, has been published.

The series includes three volumes. "The Renewal of Man," by Alexander Miller, uses the works of Koestler, Graham Greene and Robert Penn Warren to illustrate how the analyst of our culture is forced to ask questions which can be met only by Christian answers.

In "Man's Knowledge of God," William J. Wolf examines the Christian society as it exists in all parts of the world, showing how God's revealing of Himself in history has meaning for contemporary man. And "Doing the Truth," by Dean James A. Pike, is an analysis of Christian ethics and man's choice of his lifetime aims.

Other books in the series are coming later. Together and separately, they provide an intelligent man's re-introduction to the Christian religion.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Christian Faith Series is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Each volume is priced at $2.95 and may be ordered through your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the one at 153 Orange Street, New Haven, Connecticut.
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This Liberal Magazine

IT IS PROPER for a publication to restate from time to time what it believes in and reassess its aims.

Chance may have led each of our readers to stumble upon *The Reporter,* but the relationship with these readers is no longer accidental. Indeed, it has proved an enduring one, in which more and more people are joined in reciprocal confidence. The time is well past when *The Reporter's* beliefs and purposes could be considered the private, tentative bond of a group of writers united in a publishing venture. Reader response proves that there is nothing tentative any longer about *The Reporter.*

OUR BELIEF is in liberalism. In the last few years there has been a distinct tendency in our country to use this word with qualifying adjectives or to quarantine it within quotation marks. Yet it is still difficult to find someone who, no matter how committed to the far Right or Left, withstands the temptation to call himself a liberal in his own sense of the word—once he has made sure that he has escaped being confused with people who are called or call themselves liberals. Few other words, if any, have been so blurred by the "yes, but" treatment. Meanwhile, the idea of liberty is paid constant tribute by American politicians of both parties as a disembodied principle so secure in the high heaven of abstraction as to require no effort to be made operational. Yet what is a liberal, if not a man who gives all he has to make liberty operational, and develops the highest possible degree of skill this vocation demands?

The Reporter's liberalism is based on the belief that liberty, far from being an ethereal thing, is always identified with and related to specific and present situations. In our day and country, for instance, freedom of the press or of information needs defense not against the enemy of past times—censorship—but against the peril of the present that is the oversupply of news. The point has been reached where freedom of the news, to be effectively operative, requires to be counterbalanced by a certain degree of freedom from the news. This is the specific situation in the publishing field to which *The Reporter,* this liberal publication, has applied itself. It manages to be quite selective in its handling of the news; it does not believe that all news items are born free and equal with a built-in or innate right to get into print. Other publications feel differently, but *The Reporter* sticks to its rule: It endeavors, as best it can, to sort out the meaningful and relevant from the trivial and gossipy, the natural-born, honest-to-God news from the synthetic facsimiles concocted in public-relations mills.

The oversupply of news is by no means the least cause making for the ever-spreading apathy and indifference that plague the public mind. In a remote way, everybody worries somewhat about the A- or H- or U- or C-bomb; no one relishes the idea of being vaporized. But who can do much about it all; who can prevent war from coming? *The Reporter* believes that there are quite a number of things that can be done, and that there are a definite number of men who can do these things, men with well-known responsibilities, addresses, and telephone numbers. These men must not be allowed to get away with high-sounding slogans, like instant retaliation—whether "massive" or "measured." The issues the men in power must cope with are well within the grasp of the American public, if the effort is made to give us not soporific slogans or slanted news but the truth. It is never easy to get at the truth, but according to the liberal belief there is such a thing, and—at great cost—men can reach it and be saved by it.

On Special Assignment

Liberalism is an exacting creed, and no wonder so many people are satisfied with paying lip service to the blessings of liberty and to the inevitable victory of the free world over the slave one. Of all political isms, liberalism is the only one that does not prescribe any ultimate goal to be pursued as an end in itself. Neither can such a goal be found in the particular exigency with which freedom happens to be identified. We cannot pursue anti-Communism as an end in itself, and yet there is no greater threat to the human race than the consolidation and spread of Communism. We should know by now what a price we paid and are still paying for having pursued victory over Nazism as an end in itself.

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Freedom is never unalloyed, and were some metaphysical laboratory ever to produce "pure freedom" it would not be worth having. Its unique, unsurpassable worth depends entirely on the way in which it is alloyed with specific interests and exigencies. The way to make freedom prevail over Communism is to prove that industrial production under democracy, with competing political parties and predominantly private enterprise, can ultimately give material comfort and spiritual well-being to an ever-increasing number of men. But the places where this ought to be proved are to be found in some of the spots near the Communist orbit where economic misery and political disorder increase the Communist temptation. Men are so made as to prefer sometimes a purposeful slavery to an aimless freedom.

The first condition for making freedom prevail and defeat Communism is to avoid pursuing either goal for its own sake. Liberalism is definitely intolerant of anything considered as an end in itself—including liberty. What can be said of life can be said of liberty: We cannot live life, but we can live, as fully as we are able to, that fragment of life which is ours. A liberal, a man who cultivates the skills that make freedom operational, is always a man on special assignment.

Because of its devotion to freedom, this magazine is always on special assignment.

Ideas About Facts

This is a fortnightly of facts and ideas, or perhaps it would be better to say—gratefully borrowing from Whitehead—of ideas about facts. Being a liberal publication, it endeavors to harmonize the two, avoiding the promiscuous collection of news on the one hand and the reiteration of predictable, opinionated opinion on the other. News and opinion is the journalistic currency—frequently manipulated—by which facts and ideas are given circulation. Liberalism means an unending search for the right operational balance and, in the case of this publication, this means the right balance between facts and ideas. The two must check and control each other so that the facts are scrutinized and the ideas tested. Facts—largely products of man's willfulness or negligence—must be reckoned with, for the moment is always likely to come when, no matter how stubborn and irrefutable, they may be overruled or refuted.

This liberal publication, of necessity, must be always objective and never impartial. Objectivity means a rounded, conscientious study of facts, so as to determine their causes and their weight. But this scrupulous care implies no detached reconciliation with their existence. Moreover many alleged facts, under close scrutiny, turn out to be phony. So, in facing such an issue as that of Formosa and Quemoy, this magazine has never lost sight of the human beings directly concerned, the Formosans—the most important conditioning fact in the whole picture. In no way should they be considered mere accessories to an international real-estate deal.

This magazine had no qualms in applauding the President when it was possible to think that he was earnestly trying to disengage our nation from the fanatical pressure of our Communist enemies and of his right-wing Republican friends. Maybe he is still trying, perhaps he may still succeed, provided our allies are firm enough. The President is past master in the art of letting necessity force his hand—a necessity over which he can claim to have no control. But when the strategic importance of Quemoy and Matsu was advanced as fact, *The Reporter* did not hesitate to call that fact a phony.

BECAUSE of its liberalism, *The Reporter* is truly independent—independent, that is, of both political parties. One of the blessings of the way the two-party system is organized in our country lies perhaps in the fact that American liberalism has never been seriously tempted to become a party. On the other hand, it must be admitted that like our two parties American liberalism has been singularly leery of defining its own theoretical principles, the set of ideas by which its operations are guided. This has greatly contributed to the lack of commonly accepted standards even in the most articulate liberals.

Liberalism in our country has developed into an instinct, to be sure, exemplified by some of the noblest characters in public life. But this particular condition has been a very heavy handicap on liberalism lately, when it has had to withstand two different yet equally demanding tests. The first was the assault of ruthless, seditious demagoguery. The second was the task of presenting the American case to the outside world. Useful as they are, our political parties cannot do this job. It can be done only by liberals, assigned to this particular task. So far, unfortunately, the language of American liberalism has proved to be strictly for internal consumption.

Yet the need for ideas is urgent—and not only for communication with the outside world. For this reason, this magazine has had to indulge in more "think pieces" than it would have liked. The need being great, it has had sometimes to be satisfied in a hurry, without any chance of protracted reflection in an ivory tower—*Satisfaction While U Wait.*

IN ONE RESPECT, *The Reporter* has not lived up to its liberal creed. It still has too much politics. For a liberal, approximately only half of a man is a political animal—Caesar's half. For this I plead guilty, adding as an extenuating circumstance that the temptation has been too great—or perhaps the emergency. In the year to come *The Reporter* will prove, I hope, that the other half is not forgotten.

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Eisenhower: A Trial Balance

RICHARD H. ROVERE

NOT LONG after his inauguration, President Eisenhower, in a conversation that was casual but serious, volunteered an explanation of why he had consented to enter politics. Early in 1952, he told his guest, it was his belief that if he did not accept the Republican nomination, Harry Truman would be returned to office. Eisenhower felt certain that Truman intended to run again. He was certain, too, that if he declined the Republican nomination, it would go by default to Senator Taft. In the contest he foresaw between Truman and Taft, Truman would win, and this, he explained, seemed to him about the worst thing that could happen to the country. Eisenhower said that if he could have known that Adlai Stevenson was to be the Democratic candidate, he would never have sought the Presidency for himself.

The President is not a devious man, and there is no reason to think that the explanation he made to his guest was any different from the explanation he was making to himself in that period—a little less than two years ago. There is, however, a good deal wrong with the story. For one thing, Harry Truman withdrew as a candidate on March 29, 1952. "I have served my country long and I think efficiently and honestly," he said. "I shall not accept a renomination." At that time, General Eisenhower, still at his NATO command in Rocquencourt, was by no means fully committed to a campaign. He had said in January that he would not "seek nomination" but that a "clear-cut call to political duty [would] . . . transcend my present responsibility."

By the time of Truman's withdrawal, Eisenhower was still refusing to put up a real fight for the nomination. Without fighting, he had just won a smashing victory over Taft in the New Hampshire primaries, which were also the occasion of a humiliating defeat of Truman by Senator Kefauver. Eisenhower had not yet resigned as Supreme Commander in Europe, though he had probably made up his mind to do so, and he was not to return to this country until June 1. He was mustered out on June 3. If his only interest had been in retiring Truman, he could have retired himself in April or May; it may be that he was too deeply involved for an abrupt withdrawal at that time, but he could at the very least, if Truman's elimination was all that he wanted, have forgone the vigorous pre-convention campaign he made.

THE TRUMAN THEORY of Eisenhower's candidacy simply does not hold water. It is, moreover, in conflict with another of his explanations—more widely reported than this one—of what induced him to run. In Denver, shortly before the convention that nominated him, he told some reporters that his single aim was to serve the Republic by stopping Senator Taft. He used some rather rough language at a session that he mistakenly thought was off the record. His general theme was that he was going after the nomination because he thought it would be a first-class tragedy if an isolationist like Taft were in the White House.

Embracing Jenner and Victory

To anyone who saw very much of the Eisenhower campaign, neither the Taft nor the Truman theory can have much appeal. It was not to save the country from Truman that the General embraced Senator Jenner in Indianapolis or conducted furtive and rather sordid negotiations with Senator McCarthy in a Peoria hotel. It was not to preserve Atlantic unity that he made all those breathless speeches about the 100 taxes that were collected on every egg an American ate. In his own mind, the embrace, the negotiations, and the egg speeches may all have had a place in some noble scheme for rendering a service to mankind, but they could have had nothing to do with saving us all from Truman or Taft. They had to do with electing Dwight Eisenhower President. In that frantic autumn of 1952, the fact of Dwight Eisenhower's presence on the hustings was one of the few things that did not seem to require explanation. The man wanted to be President because he wanted to be President. He had, as they say, the bug. The fever was upon him. He faced the alternatives of victory and defeat, and the one he chose was victory.

It is curious, though, and certainly significant, that in two periods of relative tranquillity the President should have put the responsibility for his plight on other men. It is unusual for a crusader to describe his crusade, even to himself, in purely negative terms and, particularly, in terms of an individual man rather than a substantive evil. And it is

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extraordinary that Eisenhower, after a period of several months spent in grappling with the problems of his office and learning the hard way how wrong Admiral Dewey had been in saying, ". . . the office of President is not such a very difficult one . . .," should have been able to speak of himself, without any visible trace of irony, as a man who had sacrificed greatly in order to spare his countrymen another four years of Harry Truman.

'Wickedness' Still Flourishes

For the fact is that nothing about the Eisenhower Administration is more striking than the numerous ways in which it resembles the Truman Administration. It is commonplace, of course, and on the whole meaningless, to observe that the Republicans under Eisenhower, far from having made the changes they promised in American government, have pursued the basic policies of the Democrats under Truman. This was only to be expected. In a society as stable as ours, change is seldom drastic; to say that a new Administration has behaved much as the old one did is not to cite a remarkable circumstance but merely to describe the character of the political order. It was only the political neurotics and romantics who looked forward, with exhilaration or with dread, to an end to what Eisenhower had called "wickedness in government" or to the premature termination of the Century of the Common Man. It was always in the cards that wickedness and the Common Man would continue to flourish, and those whose hopes and anxieties were not too much entangled with their intelligence understood that it would not be the dawn of an entirely new day for rugged individualism, the gold standard, or Chiang Kai-shek.

But there are similarities between the Eisenhower and Truman Administrations that are not at all of the sort ordained by the system and on that account inevitable. The two are a good deal alike in style and method, in their patterns for the delegation of authority, and in the character of their respective leaders. This last resemblance is perhaps the most striking of all. As human beings and as political types, the last two Presidents have more in common than either in all likelihood would care to admit. Anyway, they certainly have more in

common with one another than either has with any other President of this century. Both operate at low pressures. Neither has the vocation for leadership that the two Roosevelts and Woodrow Wilson had—or even, for that matter, Herbert Hoover and William Howard Taft. Products of lower middle-class families living close to the edge of poverty and less than a hundred and fifty miles apart in the Valley of Democracy, both have a kind of standard-American personality. They are friendly, frank, generous, gregarious, democratic men. Simplicity and openness of manner commended both to their respective followings. Truman is a somewhat brisker sort, with more bite and acid in what he says and does and a somewhat more bookish turn of mind, but both are unideological and unintellectual, intuitive pragmatists and feeble verbalizers.

West Point left its mark on Eisenhower and made him more a respecter of rank and station than Truman, who was schooled in hard knocks and haberdashery. No man is a hero to a haberdasher—or at least no man in mufti. Truman was as greatly awed by all generals but Douglas MacArthur as Eisenhower is by captains of industry. In some cases, though, their taste in human beings is very similar. Both admire the special wit of George Allen, the jolly hotel proprietor who held several small offices under the Democrats and who is now a Gettysburg neighbor of the President's. And those who have taken the measure of such Presidential cronies as Kevin McCann and Harry Butcher find it within a fraction of an inch of certain White House figures of five years ago. Nevertheless, it is Eisenhower's distinction as a military man and the source of much of the esteem in which he is held that he was never overwhelmed by the myths of his profession, as were, for example, MacArthur and George Patton. It was largely the Truman in Eisenhower that made the General a great world figure.

National Interest vs. Politics

The simplest appraisal that could be made of the Truman Administration was that it functioned intelligently and courageously in foreign affairs and wretchedly in domestic affairs. Truman put first-class men in charge of the State and Defense Departments and an assortment of mediocrities, incompetents, and boodlers in charge of much of the rest of the government. His major diplomatic appointments and his choices for the civilian heads of the military services were superior to those of Franklin Roosevelt, but the rest of his advisers were, with one or two exceptions, men of little or no distinction, and his judicial nominations were almost invariably lamentable. One had the impression that the only way to account for the integrity that characterized one part of the government and the lack of integrity that characterized the rest was in terms of a deal the President must have made with himself, a private resolution of the conflict between the national interest as he construed it and the demands of politics. He recognized that the overriding need of his time was for a wise and imaginative and politically disinterested diplomacy. He also recognized that in a democracy any kind of policy, good or bad, wise or foolish, bears some kind of political price tag. It may be that he never acknowledged to himself that he was buying support for his foreign policies by giving their heads to such men as Howard McGrath and Robert Hannegan, but there is some evidence that he knew what he was

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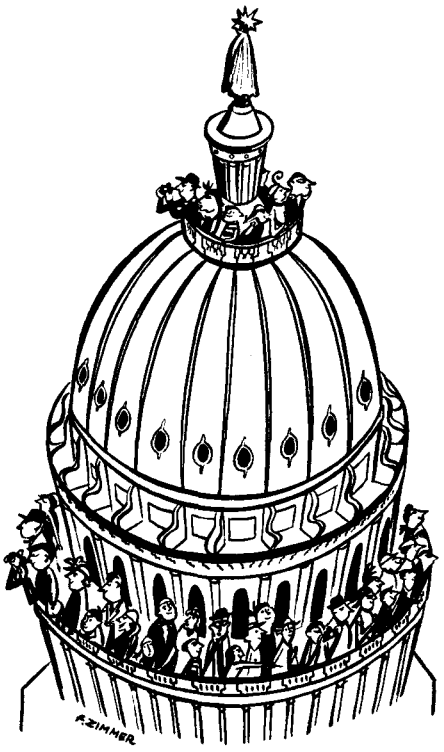
up to, and whether he did or not that was the way he ran things.

Words vs. Deeds

The Eisenhower pattern has been fundamentally the same. While in Truman's case the different approaches to foreign and domestic policy were definable in terms of the men to whom power was delegated, in Eisenhower's case the differences are definable in terms of the degree of interest and control the President himself retains in the making and execution of policy. In most things that bear on the larger issues of war and peace, the President has held firmly to the power of decision and has taken his Constitutional responsibilities with increasing seriousness. Toward most of the rest of government he has been even more neglectful than Truman. He has, to be sure, had a hand in the formulation of that curious thing which the Republican National Committee calls "the Eisenhower program" and which appears to consist entirely of talk about such worthwhile ideas as straight highways, sound minds in healthy bodies, improved social security, fairer labor laws, and so forth; and he has coined an abundance of phrases to describe his purposes – dynamic conservatism, progressive moderation, moderate progressivism. But the phrases describe only the dilemma confronted by politicians who must get their money from the rich and their votes from the not-so-rich, and "the Eisenhower program" is so far only a pastiche of pieties. The enduring acts of the Administration outside of foreign policy are those that have no platitude to represent them in the dogma as revealed in the official texts—such things, that is, as the Dixon-Yates contract; the Brownell employee-security program; the abandonment of services in such service agencies as Agriculture, Commerce, Interior, and Mrs. Hobby's Health, Education, and Welfare; and the near crushing of a conservation tradition that has taken most of this century to establish.

Some of the weaknesses of the Truman Administration reflected lack of authority and competence on the part of the President himself. He was simply unable to manage everything and everybody. Eisenhower may be similarly incapable of giving leadership in all departments, but this cannot be said with assurance, for the truth is that he has never put himself to the test. It was never for lack of energy that



Truman failed. He was an indefatigable worker. Every phase of government interested him, and he went to great lengths to keep himself informed. Eisenhower, on the other hand, is not much interested. It is plain that the whole operational side of government bores him. He has his own views of what the results ought and ought not to be, but he is indifferent to administrative method and is willing to subcontract all work in this line to George Humphrey, Herbert Hoover, and other managerial wizards. He makes no apparent effort to keep himself abreast even of those developments within his Administration that are reported in the daily press. Time after time his news conferences have shown him to have less awareness of events than might be expected of any reasonably conscientious reader of any conscientious newspaper.

The President is not such a reader himself. He sometimes has a hard time identifying important figures in his official family. He is frequently unaware of the leading bureaucratic conflicts of the day. When all of Washington, for example, was in a stew over the affair of Wolf Ladejinsky, the President had only the dimmest acquaintance with the facts in the case, and of some widely reported aspects his ignorance was total. One cannot in such instances ascribe his failings to callousness or a faulty sense of justice, for we know very well that his instincts are sound and honorable ones. Nor can his defenders plead a lack of time and energy, for the record is clear that no President since Calvin Coolidge, who was a devotee of the afternoon snooze, has relaxed more or taxed his energies less than Eisenhower. It is possible only to conclude that the President finds the day-to-day problems of government and politics tedious and fatiguing. At any rate, he makes little effort to keep up with any but the very largest of them.

Foreign Policy

Truman and Eisenhower are the first American Presidents who have had the opportunity—or, better, perhaps, the need—to choose between foreign and domestic policy. The war Presidents confronted no such choice, for when there is war, domestic policy, to the degree that it is distinct from war policy, is simply shelved for the duration. We now have enough perspective on Truman to realize that his delinquencies do not detract very greatly from his achievements. Some of the delinquencies, indeed, are becoming downright difficult to remember. Who in 1955 can identify James V. Hunt? Hunt was the prince of the Five Percenters, allegedly the overlord of all influence peddlers and deep-freeze distributors. For months on end, his name was emblazoned in headlines as a symbol of the degradation that Eisenhower was later to describe as "the mess in Washington," but he is already a misty, impalpable figure; he is gone with his bulging wallet, and the only good excuse anyone will ever have for recalling him is that he and his kind may have been partly responsible for the disintegration of the concurrent majority that governed this country, under Democratic leadership, for two decades.

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WHAT STANDS OUT now about the Truman Administration is the wisdom and courage it displayed in organizing western resistance to Soviet power. History thrust that organizing task upon it, and it responded well. History has thrust a somewhat different task upon Eisenhower. The job of his Administration has been not to organize a concert of powers but to preserve one, not to build the strength of the free world but to maintain it and prevent its misuse.

It does not seem too early to say that in these, the most crucial of his responsibilities, he has acquitted himself well. He has held the North Atlantic Alliance together and has introduced, as James Reston has pointed out, an important though uneasy new member, the Republican Party. Despite his vast respect for George Humphrey, and despite Humphrey's vast contempt for any government undertaking that does not produce an immediate revenue equal to outlay, he has kept more or less intact those shoring-up programs that Truman instituted and that the Republicans in Congress, and more than a few Democrats, hoped to liquidate. To be sure, he has not prevented certain depredations by Humphrey and the appropriate depredating committees in House and Senate, but then Truman had difficulties of this sort, too. George Humphrey is only a rich man's John Snyder, and the wielder of the sharpest meat ax in Congress is Harry Byrd, Democrat, at whose hands three Presidents have met frequent defeat. It can be, and often is, maintained that Eisenhower's retreats are the really significant and characteristic things, but it can as well be maintained that it is extraordinary that he has held as much ground as he has. In any case it is extraordinary that Eisenhower, as the leader of a party committed to a riskier, more militant strategy in Asia, has succeeded in pursuing one that is certainly not less circumspect than that of the Truman Administration.

Eisenhower vs. His Advisers

He has pursued it in the face of opposition from some of the most powerful figures in his own Administration, thereby opening up the possibility, suggested recently by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., of his going down in history as the President who saved the country from his closest advisers. And of course it also opens up the possibility of his going down in history as the man who tried to save us from his advisers and didn't quite make it. But we can only go by his performance to date, and, all things considered, it has been an impressive one. For the better part of two years now, ever since Senator Knowland studied the terms of the Korean truce and announced that the President of his choice had negotiated a "peace without honor," Eisenhower has stood almost alone in his Administration. His Joint Chiefs of Staff, his Senate leaders, and as often as not his Secretary of State have been ranged against him. In every Far Eastern crisis, they have not only made powerful pleadings for a course of action that would ignore all calculations of the risk of war but have sought to force his hand by making their own provocations and their own appeals to public opinion. It is likely that the President's hand has been strengthened by the knowledge that public opinion would in the end uphold him. Nevertheless, his opponents enjoy the advantage of holding a viewpoint that can easily be represented as embodying the

vigor and audacity and dauntlessness that we like to think of as properties of the national character, while he has had the disadvantage of maintaining a position that could easily be represented as softness and appeasement and funk. But in every crisis down to date, he has resisted successfully.

The Democrats who are bold enough to risk any criticism of Eisenhower like to point out that all his troubles are of his own making. Nowhere in the Constitution, they argue, does it say that John Foster Dulles has to be Secretary of State, and there is really no reason why Eisenhower should not express his opinion of Senator Knowland's policies as freely as Knowland has expressed his opinion of Eisenhower's. It was he who appointed the Joint Chiefs whose advice he has so consistently had to reject, and all the signs are that he intends to press Admiral Radford into service for still another term. If Truman could fire MacArthur, the Democrats say, surely Eisenhower could reprimand Admiral Carney. This is all very true, but if one's quarrel with a President is that he ought to be someone he isn't, then the complaint must be taken not to the White House but to the electorate.

IF THERE ARE similarities between Eisenhower and Truman, there are also crucial differences. Eisenhower is not mettlesome; he is not contumelious; he is the sort who hates nothing so much as a scene and who shuns controversy on any plausible excuse; and it must not be forgotten that many Americans have found this side of him the most appealing. In any case, the Eisenhower who can co-exist with Admiral Radford, who has nothing but praise for the wisdom of Senator George, who likewise finds much merit in what Knowland has to say, who minimizes his differences with Dulles, and who can speak warmly of Vice-President Nixon at lunch and glowingly of Speaker Rayburn at dinner is an Eisenhower running true to advertised form. Ever since he was first boosted for the Presidency, the quality his supporters have emphasized was his ability to get along nicely with all sorts of people. "He respects the views of all Americans," it was noted in an early appreciation in the *Saturday Evening Post*. "He is a genius at personal relationships," John Gunther wrote in his biography. Certain attributes that were conspicuous and in many ways admirable in the character of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman are not among the hallmarks of this particular kind of genius.

Toward Disengagement in Asia

It is conceivable that a stronger-willed President could have avoided altogether the crises that have

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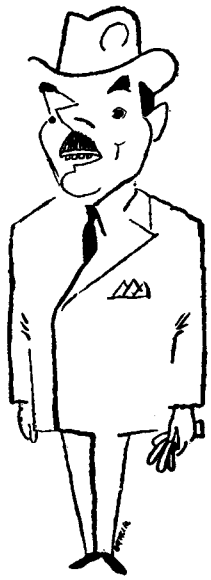
plagued the Administration with increasing frequency as Chinese Communist power has mounted over the past few years. Certainly the agonizing crisis over policy in the defense of Quemoy and Matsu could have been ended by a simple declaration to the effect that we had no intention of putting the peace of the world in jeopardy over a few islands of doubtful military value and clouded legal status. Yet one wonders whether any Administration that could possibly hold office in this period would have dared to issue any such declaration. We have been pledged to the defense of Formosa almost since Chiang first removed what was left of his armies to the islands. Truman's order of June 27, 1950, put the Seventh Fleet in Formosan waters, and while it restrained Chiang from making an assault on the mainland—which then, as now, he lacked the power to do—it committed us to far more than a simple defense of the Nationalist redoubt, since the primary mission of the Seventh Fleet was the maintenance of peace in the area. Had the Communists then been capable of launching an attack on the islands, the Seventh Fleet would have become engaged. If a Democratic Administration were in power today, it would not be subject to the same pressures from within for a military adventure in the Far East, but it would be subject to heavy outside pressures. For all his grit and independence, Truman also made concessions to the China Lobby.

Eisenhower has made a number of them, but they are quite as notable for their insubstantiality as for their number. Immediately upon taking office, he withdrew half of Truman's order and left Chiang free to reconquer China. On the first anniversary of this emancipation, the New York *Times* summarized the results of the new policy: eleven more islands lost to the Communists. The leashing and unleashing of Chiang had an importance in American politics and American diplomacy, but they were militarily meaningless acts since Chiang had at every stage been securely tethered by his own lack of strength. Only the real stuff of American power could further his interests and thereby endanger our own. Under Eisenhower, Chiang has been given somewhat more American matériel than he had been getting before, but not a great deal more, and a cold appraisal of his fortunes since January 20, 1953, reveals that their improvement must be measured chiefly in the number of visits he has received from the Secretary of State. For the rest, the whole trend of American policy, not as it has been discussed by Dulles but as it has in fact been made and executed by Eisenhower, has been toward disengagement. Eisenhower insisted that Dulles's treaty with Chiang contain no pledges on the offshore islands; the treaty was delayed while Dulles was getting Chiang to accept this omission. Eisenhower ordered the evacuation of the Tachens. Eisenhower had Dulles seek a cease-fire through the United Nations.



Eisenhower has made it as plain as anyone could that the United States will not, while he is directing foreign policy, engage in war to upset the present power relationships in Asia. Eisenhower, in standing firm against the Bricker amendment, has made it plain that he intends to go on directing foreign policy.

Skill vs. Achievement

One hesitates to attribute political adroitness to a man who has revealed as much political ineptitude as Eisenhower, but he has in fact achieved certain things that are commonly thought to be the product of skill. He has not brought all Republicans around to his view of foreign policy, but he has created a political atmosphere in which the opinions of a man like Senator Bridges, which are really more representative of Republican thought than his own, are looked upon as deviationist in character. He has put Bridges and McCarthy and Knowland on the defensive. He has made preventive war a Republican heresy. He has countered Republican disgruntlement with the United Nations with some stout defenses of the organization. He has done, probably, as much of any man of his limited gifts could in this era of bad feeling to maintain in the world an image of the United States as being, still, a nation of free men engaged in an experiment of some splendor and an experiment that derives its justification from the hope that it will be useful to all humanity.

It is no fault of the President that that image has become fainter in recent years than it used to be, and that in some quarters of the world it is rejected altogether; it is by no means wholly McCarthy's fault either, or the Republican Party's, or the American people's. But when Eisenhower has spoken for the nation, he has spoken with dignity and sobriety and has in general appeared before the world as a not unworthy successor to those few American Presidents whom the world has known and respected.

The Growth of Presidents

The American Presidency is an endlessly fascinating and instructive institution. One of the many things to be learned from it is that the Actonian doctrine of power as an inevitably corrupting force, and a force that corrupts in direct ratio to its magnitude, is something less than a universal law. Generally speaking, in our society the insolence of office is more frequently encountered among those of severely limited authority than among those whose grants are relatively large. The worst tyrants are found in the sheriff's office, the worst moral rot in city councils and state legislatures. Our Presidents, far from having been corrupted by the power given them, have as a rule been elevated by it. We have never had a truly corrupt President—a President, that is, who either used the office for purely personal

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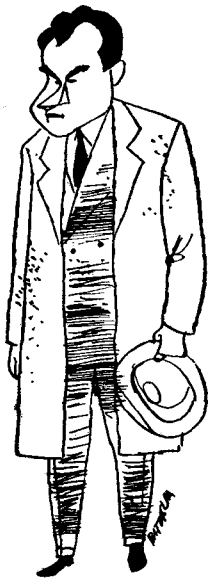
gain or who sought to broaden his powers merely for the satisfactions of their exercise. On the contrary, the lesson of experience is that men frequently increase in stature in the White House.

THIS WAS surely true of Eisenhower's two Democratic predecessors. In 1932, Franklin Roosevelt was plainly a man of greater buoyancy and energy than his whipped and baffled adversary, but there was nothing about him to suggest true greatness. He was an agreeable politician who had done well, but not spectacularly well, as Governor of New York and who appeared more likely than Mr. Hoover to try fresh and bold approaches to the problem of reviving the national economy. He rose to greatness on the job. And it was on the job that Harry Truman made that approach to greatness that was even more exciting to observe than Roosevelt's. In 1945 he seemed so unpromising a postulant for the order he was entering that thoughtful men were forced to ask themselves how we might remedy the defects in the political system that led to a situation in which such awful responsibilities could be placed in such unskilled and shaking hands. On the day he took his oath, Truman had evidently been working over this question himself. He begged the newspaper reporters to pray for him and pray hard. But the office worked its magic on him, and not only the country but the whole world found itself in his debt.

What Did They Expect?

In Eisenhower's case, the measurement of growth is more complicated than in Roosevelt's case or Truman's. For a decade before his election, Eisenhower had titles of greatness and seemed to much of the world to merit them richly. In one sense, then, he now appears a somewhat smaller man than he was at the height of his war and postwar career. The Presidency may be ennobling, but politics is demeaning, and he has been in politics. It can be said, however, that Eisenhower has been, like Roosevelt and Truman and a good many others, a far better President than those who elected him had any right to expect. But this is not the most flattering of judgments, since those who elected him had no real right to expect anything of him except a state of mind which was generally hospitable to the idea of coalition and collective security. He had had some experience in military diplomacy, but otherwise his experience had been even less relevant than Truman's. He had, probably, less direct acquaintance with the realities of American politics than any President in our history, including Zachary Taylor, who was the only general officer to enter the White House with no civilian experience of any sort. Unlike Taylor and his other military predecessors, Eisenhower had spent the better part of his career outside the United States. He brought to his office not a knowledge of American life but a distant memory of life in Abilene in post-frontier days. His only knowledge of government was what he had picked up as an Army lobbyist when MacArthur was Chief of Staff and, later, when he himself was Chief of Staff. He was rated about the most ineffective one to grace the office in this century. These, together with some copybook maxims about "separate but co-ordinate branches" of government, were his qualifications for his present office.

IN THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, which were contrived by a nation that has always confused the categories of excellence, it is remarkable that Eisenhower has been in any sense adequate as a President and almost a miracle that he has been in some ways admirable. We have seen enough of him now, though, to say with some confidence that the office has been having its way with him and that he has met well what now appear to be the greatest challenges he has faced. But we have not seen enough to carry our judgment beyond that. It may be that time will work in his favor as it did in Truman's, making his weaknesses appear trivial and his successes appear large. Eisenhower, like Truman, has been fortunate in having no serious economic problems to face. His only first-class domestic problem has been Senator McCarthy, and he finally managed to get on top of it. (It was not an inspiring spectacle, but since



McCarthy, when he was at the peak of his form, was by far the ablest demagogue ever bred on these shores, the task of dealing with him was never as simple as many liberals thought it to be.) On the other hand, his successes may very well be less enduring than his failures. The country has not yet averted the disasters that might follow from the triumph of the Radford-Knowland arm of the Administration; that triumph would reduce to meager proportions everything else that Eisenhower has done. It would make a mockery of his Atoms for Peace plan, and of all the other virtuous acts of his Administration.

If It Should Rain . . .

And it is unsettling to think of what might happen if the Eisenhower Administration did run into economic difficulties of any gravity. So far as is known, nothing has happened to shake the President's belief that the most competent authorities on the American economy are the men who have the most successfully manipulated it to their private advantage. His Council of Economic Advisers has a first-rate staff, but there is no evidence that Dr. Burns and his colleagues have much influence on the making of policy. The President's idea of a real practicing economist is still George Humphrey. "In Cabinet meetings," he has explained, "I always wait for George Humphrey to speak. I sit back and listen to the

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others talk while he doesn't say anything. But I know that when he speaks he will say just what I am thinking." The President has taken Humphrey's advice on matters as remote from currency and tax collections as mine inspection and atomic research—Humphrey favors less of both—and has aided Humphrey's determined pursuit of solvency even on the matter of the size of our military force in being. In the event of economic storm, he would undoubtedly put Humphrey at the helm and instruct him to get what assistance he needed from such pilots as Mrs. Hobby, Charlie Wilson, Sinclair Weeks, and Joseph Dodge.

The Humphreys and Hobbys and Charlie Wilsons have already had a large impact on American institutions. Because the press has seen so little need to keep close tabs on the Administration and because the Democratic majority in the Eighty-fourth Congress has decided to forgo, either forever or until next year, any penetrating investigations, we have not yet had a real accounting of what has been happening since January 20, 1953. But there have been portents now and then. The Dixon-Yates contract was stumbled upon by a Senate Judiciary Committee lawyer who was looking for something else. It is entirely possible that there are dozens of others like it.

An obscure, unreported Senate hearing revealed that the government had been rapidly strangling the Rural Electrification Administration. There are many obscure and unreported, and therefore largely unknown, developments.

It could turn out, as it has so often in the past, that the smallest, most dimly understood developments have the largest significance. But in making a trial balance, we accept the moment for what it is, and what the moment most urgently demands is the holding together of the western alliance and a determined effort to avoid the destruction of civilization. Eisenhower has been attempting to meet these responsibilities in a spirit of decency and maturity that does credit to him and to the country.

At Home & Abroad

Italy's Oil Rush And That Man Mattei

CLAIRE STERLING

Rome

When Italy's Prime Minister Mario Scelba visited the United States at the end of March, he made it emphatically clear that he had *not* come to discuss oil. Before he left he had made it clear to Parliament that he would not touch on that subject with anyone in the United States—not with the State Department and not with the American oil companies. This may seem strange since there is nothing essentially evil about oil. Moreover, the question of who should have what rights over Italian oil is causing serious tension between Rome and Washington, and neither country can afford to leave it unsettled much longer.

Recent discoveries make it appear that Italy has enough oil in its subsoil not only to meet its own requirements but also perhaps to become an exporter of oil.

One reserve in Sicily, discovered by the Gulf Oil Company in 1953, may have enough to cover Italy's needs for a century by itself. Until lately, this Ragusa deposit was thought to contain a relatively small quantity of oil spread over an area of perhaps two square miles. A more extensive survey now indicates that the area may be fourteen square miles. Although U.S. experts are cautious about making estimates, Italians, with exuberant optimism, think there may be a recuperable reserve of seven hundred million tons in Ragusa. Italy uses only eleven million tons a year. Just a few days ago a new strike was made in Sicily—this time at Agrigento.

The oil in Ragusa is like Venezuela's: commercially usable but not high grade. Gulf has just found what looks like a much more important deposit in the Abruzzi region on the Adriatic coast. It has not yet been measured, but the first well drilled is comparable, in the excellence and abundance of its crude, to the wells of legendary Kuwait. Geologists on the spot are talking in terms of billions of tons. Experts of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey have long believed that the Po Valley in the north of Italy contains the richest oil beds in Europe. They still think so despite the fact that none of the wells dug there has proved to be rewarding.

All this oil has fired imaginations in poverty-stricken Italy. People here have started thinking of their country as a new Texas. The new and still unmeasurable wealth can make Italy's chronic depression a thing of the past. So the Italians dream. And they would like to have that dream come true today.

Lack of natural resources has always been Italy's worst handicap. At the present time coal and oil imports account for half of Italy's $750-million annual trade deficit. An ample domestic supply of fuel could not only lower production costs and retail prices but could also encourage private investment and new industry and provide cheaper transport. (Gasoline costs about eighty cents a gallon, of which about fifty cents goes for government taxes.) With cheaper oil, new programs of road construction and motorized agriculture may become possible. The royalties could finance needed social reforms. Some day Italy's trade deficit might be eliminated.

Enter Signor Mattei

That's what could happen. It isn't necessarily what *will* happen. And, of course, nothing is going to hap-

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pen unless the oil can be gotten out of the ground. Very little is coming out at present.

The questions before the Italian government are standard in any country where oil is found—particularly where the country happens to be poor. Does Italy have the capital, equipment, and technicians to exploit the oil that has already been found and to find more? If not, should Italy invite foreign oil companies in to do the job? And if foreign companies are given concessions, can they be asked to produce all the oil the Italians want—or at least enough to make Italy self-sufficient? Finally, could the Italians be sure of getting a sizable share of the profits?

THERE ARE two sides to all these questions, and the arguments advanced by the American oil companies are far from unreasonable. After all, there are some other parts of the world—indeed, of Europe—where oil is being found these days. The oil companies are perhaps somewhat oversensitive whenever the words "cartel" or "price fixing" are mentioned. But certainly there is enough competition all over the world among private oil companies, nationalized oil concerns, and wildcatters of all sorts to make the American oil companies worry at the prospect that some day oil may become a drug on the market. Moreover, the American companies have learned from bitter experience in more than one country that from nationalism to nationalization is only a short step. In Italy as elsewhere they have reason to fear the Communist brand of nationalism.

In Italy the conflict has sharply divided Italian politics. On one side is Enrico Mattei, forty-eight-year-old head of the new state natural-gas and oil agency, ENI, who has the backing of a large portion of the Christian Democratic Party, at least half of Scelba's Cabinet, the Social Democrats, Republicans, and Independents on the Left, and, out of sheer malice, the Communist Party. The other side is represented by a group of American oil companies headed by Standard Oil of New Jersey and backed by the U.S. State Department, another section of the Christian Democratic Party that is

Enrico Mattei

led by its aging founder, Don Luigi Sturzo, the other half of Scelba's Cabinet, and the big Italian trusts.

Mattei and Standard Oil are old antagonists. They first clashed in 1946, when natural gas was found in the Po Valley. Standard Oil had exploration rights in the Po and had spent a lot of money there ever since 1891. But it was Mattei who found the natural gas. After leading the Christian Democratic partisans in the north, Mattei had been assigned in 1945 by the Liberation Government to be head of AGIP, the state corporation formed by Mussolini to find and exploit petroleum. Since AGIP, like Standard Oil, had found nothing, Mattei had been ordered to liquidate. He ignored the order, gambled on a spectacular break, and won.

The discovery of natural gas in the Po Valley in 1946 led to three thousand requests for concessions. The two main contestants, however, were AGIP and Standard Oil. Both asked for exclusive rights in the area, and Mattei won again.

ONE REASON for Mattei's success in the fight over the Po Valley was that AGIP had struck oil at Cortemaggiore in Lombardy. This was only two years after the Italian government had decided to abandon its search for oil as hopeless. In 1947 it had offered to sell its mining plants, together with concessions, for only one million dollars. No Italian or American company saw fit to accept the offer.

Although the deposit at Cortemaggiore didn't turn out to be a large one, it was enough to decide the dispute over natural-gas concessions in the Po Valley. Standard Oil, after all, was an outsider and had found nothing. Mattei was an Italian who had found enough to become a national hero. In February, 1953, the Italian Parliament voted, with the approval of all eight parties, from neo-Fascist to Communist, to put AGIP under a new state corporation called ENI, headed by Mattei, with exclusive rights to all the gas and oil in the eighteen thousand square miles of the Po Valley.

A few months later, the government introduced Bill No. 346, designed to open the rest of the mainland to exploitation by private companies, both Italian and foreign. Since the regional government of Sicily had done the same for that island in 1950, the passage of the bill would have meant that more than two-thirds of Italian territory —much of it highly promising like the Adriatic coast—would be reserved for private enterprise. Mattei's fears that the bill would jeopardize his exclusive rights in the Po Valley were borne out when the Americans reopened the debate that had already been settled by an Act of Parliament. The resulting conflict has kept the bill bottled up in committee ever since.

Mr. Luce's Magazines

The debate over the Po was reopened at a press conference in Rome last June, where Eugene Holman, chairman of the board of Standard Oil of New Jersey, said that the Po Valley had the most promising geological terrain in Europe, that neither ENI nor any other single company could explore it adequately, and that "it might be well to open exploration of the Po to free Italian and foreign initiative," which would share profits with the government on a fifty-fifty basis.

Holman's thesis was picked up first by *Fortune* magazine for July, 1954, then by *Newsweek*, *Time*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and most recently the Rome *Daily American*, an English-language paper devoted mostly to sports news, gossip columns, and comics.

The main point advanced in all

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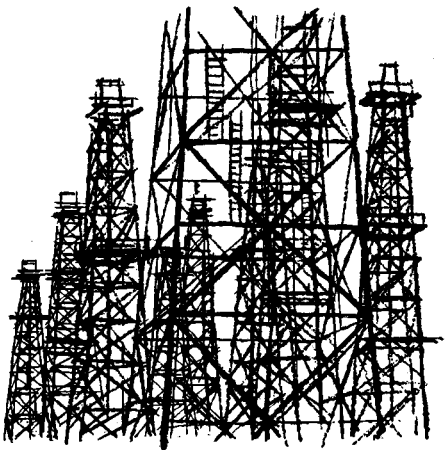

these articles was that Mattei's monopoly in the Po Valley constituted the biggest single obstacle to large-scale American investment in Italy. *Time* said that "to U.S. businessmen trying to do business in Italy, Enrico Mattei is the biggest and clearest symbol of what is wrong with Italy's economy. . . . E. N. I. has neither the capital nor the equipment to explore the Po Valley properly." The solution, said *Fortune*, was to reduce ENI's authority to go into new ventures, deny it any tax favors, and limit it to "a modest Po Valley area."

Several of the articles suggested that Mattei's only genuine supporter in the Christian Democratic Party was Budget Minister Ezio Vanoni (allegedly because both were passionate fishermen); that the politicians, journalists, and economists who defended him were either his paid employees or Communist agents, or both; and that the Communists were his principal supporters.

These American charges aroused bitter reactions in Italy. Of course Vanoni is a firm supporter of Mattei, but so are many other Christian Democratic leaders. In fact, so is Amintore Fanfani, secretary general of the party and heir apparent to the Premiership. Mattei's economic power is so great that no Christian Democratic politician can be indifferent to it unless he has access to some other sources of support.

Apart from members of his own party, Mattei's defenders include such well-known anti-Communists as Social Democratic Vice-Premier Giuseppe Saragat, the Republicans' former Cabinet Minister Ugo la Malfa, and the Liberal economist Ernesto Rossi, whose lifetime work has been attacking monopolies. The Communists take Mattei's side in this dispute because "ENI represents a precious weapon against the assault of foreign imperialism," as *L'Unità* has put it. But at the same time they attack him for refusing to recognize any Communist union among his fourteen thousand employees and for being one of the biggest sources of campaign funds for the Christian Democrats.

THESE anti-Mattei articles in the American press were widely quoted in Italy. Italian journalists noted particularly that two of the publications concerned are owned by Henry Luce, husband of the U.S. Ambassador to Italy. Editorial comment grew sharper as reports leaked from the Prime Minister's staff to the effect that the State Department was reluctant to discuss any other serious economic matters with the Italians "until this oil business is settled." "Certainly," the independent weekly *Cronache* observed, "*Fortune* doesn't represent an official point of view. But people tend to confuse husbands and wives, and they listen to those of evil intentions who claim that America, in general, wants to get her hands on Italian petroleum." Mrs. Luce herself has been increasingly explicit. At the beginning of March she said in an interview that there must be "political safety" to attract foreign capital, and that in the case of Italy "much depends on the government's oil policy." Irate articles in the left-wing press and indignant speeches from left-wingers in Parliament followed the Ambassador's interview.

Empire Builder

All these American pressures have helped to make Mattei the outstanding personality in Italian public life since the end of the war. There can be no doubt, however, that his own achievements are more than enough to justify both his popularity and his reputation as a tough-minded and rather unusual kind of Italian.

Mattei is a self-made man in the most aggressive American pattern. He is proud of having risen from being the son of a *carabiniere* to become one of the most powerful men in Italian industry and politics. Before he became the head of ENI, he had already reached a measure of success in private business. Now, however, as the near-sovereign head of a state-owned industrial complex, he can afford to challenge on their own ground some of the most powerful Italian monopolists. Even his enemies find it hard to deny that Mattei has done very well in the field of natural gas. Not only was he the first to discover it, but he has found enough of it to save Italy $60 million a year in coal imports. More than that, he has developed ENI into the only profit-making state corporation in Italy. ENI's capital investment is now close to $100 million, and it does a gross business, through its various subsidiaries, of $400 million a year; the net profit of ENI alone, as a holding company, was almost $4 million last year.

Mattei's companies are described by *Fortune* as "tidy," his operations "technically sound," and his staff "thoroughly competent." With the help of this staff, as well as his high credit standing, he has built more than two thousand miles of gas pipeline; acquired a fleet of twelve tankers, half ownership—with Standard Oil and Anglo-Iranian—of three big refineries, and full ownership of three others; gone successfully into the manufacture of such by-products as lubricants, asphalt, soap, and electrical energy; secured the assistance of Union Carbide and Phillips Petroleum to build Europe's largest factory for the manufacture of synthetic rubber and nitrogen fertilizer; plunged briskly into such allied ventures as manufacturing gas tanks, promoting a string of sleek modern motels, and planning long-distance express highways; and so modernized his AGIP service stations as to win twenty per cent of the retail gasoline market against stiff competition from Esso, Caltex, and Shell.

This performance has not endeared him with private Italian monopolies like Montecatini (chemicals), Edison (electricity), and Pirelli (rubber) who because of Mattei have first known the bitter taste of competition. Some of these majestic firms have had not only to compete with him but also to become associated with him in some of his ventures. To millions of Italians he has become a hero.

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AGAINST his past successes, however, must be set the fact that he has failed to find any more oil in his vast and promising domain, whereas an American company has found a lot of it elsewhere in Italy.

There are many other valid criticisms of Mattei. He is a proud and arrogant man. His accounting to the government is elusive, his decisions are arbitrary, and to a large extent he has become a law unto himself. He has no qualms about admitting that he has broken at least eight thousand local ordinances to get his pipeline through small communities without permits.

A few years ago, Mattei "invaded" the gentle town of Cremona, which was "strategically" necessary to connect the gas field at Lodi, near Milan, with the important industrial center of Bergamo, farther to the northeast. If Mattei had filed a legally drafted document with the mayor of Cremona asking for permission to lay his gas pipes through the city, the debates in the town council, in the press, and perhaps in Parliament would have lasted for months, if not for years. Mattei discarded that line of approach. Taking command of a team of three hundred workmen and technicians armed with picks and spades, he stealthily approached the outskirts of the city one night after its inhabitants were asleep. In a few hours Cremona had been cut in two by a trench, with piles of paving high enough to block all wheeled traffic.

The police made no effort to interfere with public works so impressively organized that they looked perfectly lawful. But there came a moment soon after dawn when the first trucks laden with fresh produce, milk, and fruit from the country ran into an unfamiliar obstacle. They jammed the narrow side streets, blocked all traffic, raised a deafening din, and started bewildering rumors among the sleepy population. It was then that Mattei called on the bewildered mayor, apologizing to him for the "mistake" his employees had made and offering to give orders for an immediate stoppage of work on the trench. In the face of what was in fact a threat to leave the town's pavements in an appalling state, the mayor begged Mattei to go on laying his pipes, have the trench filled in within twenty-four hours, and go with God.

GIVEN half a chance, Mattei will plunge into practically any business venture that is even vaguely connected with generating power. Wherever there was a reasonable prospect of finding natural gas—in the Marche, in the Abruzzi, in Lucania, in Sicily, or even in Somaliland—he has started digging, ready to repeat on a smaller scale what he had already done in the Po Valley. Last year he took over the bankrupt Pignone factory in Florence, and as part of the deal got the government's interest in the Larderello works, fifty miles away, where natural steam erupting from the earth is used to generate electricity. Thus he extended his domain over a large part of Tuscany. This man who has learned so well how to harness the forces of nature strikes anyone who deals with him as a force of nature himself—a force that is still unharnessed.

Mattei is notably public-relations-minded and is not stingy when it comes to using money for the molding of public opinion. Of the estimated $2 million he is said to have spent for promotion last year, some went for ordinary retail advertising, but some was also spent to extend his domain. He is said to have made a generous contribution to the campaign for a "little ENI" in Sicily.

Moreover, Mattei the fighter of monopoly has given an extraordinary evidence of price fixing in the commodity that he controls as a monopoly—natural gas. His price is pegged by law to the international price, including taxes, which amounts to three times the cost to his agency. When the international price went down by a third in 1953, Mattei got the government to raise taxes on it sufficiently to keep his own price at the old level. The profits are plowed back to finance further gas and oil explorations. Some of this cash is needed to develop his own gas supply, but the greater part, allegedly, is being spent in the hope of making another spectacular discovery. Though he may succeed, he is financing his explorations with money that might otherwise have represented a saving to both producers and consumers. For this he is attacked bitterly and often—by the Communists, incidentally, more than by anyone else.

These criticisms are minor, however, compared to his failure to find new oil deposits. He has failed not only in the Po Valley, where no one else might have done any better, but also in Ragusa, where AGIP once drilled a well and abandoned it only a few miles from the present Gulf site, as well as in the Abruzzi, where there is an abandoned AGIP well only a few hundred yards from Gulf's new discovery.

This might be no more than bad luck. The same thing happened to Anglo-Iranian in Kuwait and to Jersey Standard on the site later found to have the second biggest deposit in the United States. The question is whether the Italian state can afford to finance bad luck. Oil prospecting is one of the most technically complicated, expensive, and speculative ventures in the world. Independent oil experts say Italy would have to put up at least $150 million for barely adequate exploration of the subsoil, and the risk would still be forbidding. Four-fifths of all the exploratory wells drilled in the world are dry, only six in a hundred pay the cost of drilling, and only one in a thousand hits a really big deposit.

It was because big companies are willing to take such risks that France, for example, gave Standard Oil concessions of 1.7 million acres not long ago. The same reason was behind Sicily's decision in 1950.

Competing Monopolies

The choice for the Italians is thus not between a state monopoly and the kind of energetic, competitive free

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enterprise that could do so much to develop Italian resources. Most of the concessions that don't go to ENI will go—as many have already gone—to private giants like Montecatini and Edison, which are among the most solidly entrenched in Europe, in partnership with the American oil companies. The choice is thus between two sets of monopolies, both rooted in the Italian economy. The logical solution advocated here by many fair-minded people is to have the production and the pricing of oil conducted by both sets, one exerting its countervailing power on the other.

But many Italians fear that what the American oil companies are primarily interested in is discovering oil deposits—and then sitting on them.

The American companies deny that they would have any interest in keeping the better part of Italian oil underground as a reserve. They point out that most of the big international companies are competing for the Italian retail market, and all of them want to protect or improve their marketing positions. The advantage of using domestic crude, with its minimal transport costs, would be obvious, especially after so much money had been spent to locate it.

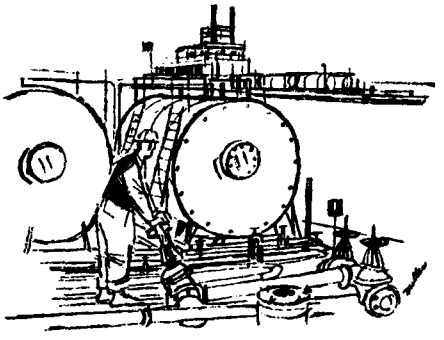
Gulf in Sicily

The critics of American companies point out that the example of Gulf in Sicily is not reassuring. Alone or in partnership with Montecatini, Gulf has concessions of a million acres in Sicily. Since it opened the Ragusa deposit in November, 1953, it has drilled only four wells in this entire area and its agreement with the regional Sicilian government promises only twenty-two more for production purposes in the next three years. True, Gulf's exploitation rights weren't confirmed until last fall. Nevertheless, a commitment for twenty-two wells in three years is not much in a zone that American geologists admit privately might justify a thousand.

Gulf may be waiting for the Sicilian elections next June — and who can blame it? If the Communists win, they could expropriate all the oil lands on the island; they have been pouring money and agitators into Sicily for months, with "oil imperialism" their most useful campaign slogan.

The Sicilians' enthusiasm over the discovery of oil two years ago is gradually turning into disillusion. The fact that Gulf found the oil where AGIP had failed is already half forgotten. The Ragusa wells haven't given work to more than forty manual laborers, and the trickle of oil coming out so far has brought no visible wealth to the island. There will be important royalties some day. The regional government expects eventually to collect $15 million a year, which is a fifth more than its present budget. But that's several years in the future. It isn't hard to persuade Sicilians at the moment that they could do better on their own, and the walls of Ragusa are already covered with very explicit invitations to the Americans to go home.

There is a parallel danger on the mainland, where, also alone or with Montecatini, Gulf has exploration rights for half a million acres in or near the Abruzzi. But it has no rights to produce. Even with a



temporary permit, it would be justifiably unwilling to go into big production unless and until its investment is guaranteed by law.

Until Bill No. 346 is passed, therefore, the Italians aren't likely to see much oil coming out of the Abruzzi. And, of course, the longer they have to wait, the more suspicious they will become.

'Monstrous Abortion'

Obviously, the circle has to be broken. It's hard to break, however, not only because of the feud between Mattei and the Americans but because the bill itself is so poorly drafted.

The bill has been described by Ernesto Rossi in the Liberal weekly *Il Mondo* as a "monstrous abortion," and its weaknesses have done more than anything else to push Italians like Rossi—who has attacked Italian state monopolies in the past with devastating effect—into taking Mattei's side. It permits concessions of up to 750,000 acres to one group, more than seven times the limit for American government-owned oil lands in the United States; allows any company finding oil to keep its entire original concession, whereas the United States allows only a fifth and puts the rest up at public auction; requires no production commitment in sizable quantity; and leaves the fixing of royalties to the discretion of a state board that might be easily manipulated by lobby pressure. Finally, it is so loosely worded that it could be interpreted as including the Po Valley along with the rest of the mainland.

In the last few weeks, both sides have shown some signs of willingness to compromise. Mattei has accepted the principle of "free competition" in the rest of Italy, though he still wants exclusive rights in the Po Valley. His group has let it be known that there will be no further effort to block the oil bill's passage, provided it is amended to bring it more in line with American—or even better, Canadian—laws covering oil concessions.

While the American firms haven't endorsed the amendments, at least they are toning down somewhat their campaign for the Po. Some of them seem rather embarrassed by the extent of U.S. government pressure. When Mattei was in the United States last February, Henry Luce gave a party at the Waldorf in his honor. It is reported that Luce asked Mattei to write an article for *Fortune*. Then Mrs. Luce's interview at the beginning of March gave a new impetus to left-wing diatribes against "American oil imperialism."

Yet it should be clear by now that the gentle and understanding way of handling Mattei is likely to be far more successful than blasts against him from the American press or the American government. Some significance may be found in the sympathetic attitude of the British press toward Mattei—a sympathy that

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some people say is shared by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company.

'Coexistence'

There is undoubtedly at present a greater willingness on the part of the U.S. companies to reduce tension and ultimately reach a compromise with Mattei. Gulf isn't in the fight for the Po Valley, and although Standard Oil has only made a tactical withdrawal and not given up on eventually getting into the Po, both admit that they would be willing to invest and explore elsewhere in Italy if some kind of law were passed that made the development of Italian oil, with all the investment that is implied, predictably profitable.

Inevitably a compromise must be reached between those Italian monopolies which are backed by American companies and that Italian monopoly which is named Mattei. The *carabiniere's* son can no longer be treated like a usurper, a freakish product of the postwar era whom sometime in some shady way somebody is going to "get." All attempts at "getting" Mattei have been dismal failures so far. His hold on the people's imagination is constantly increasing. His gigantic horizontal and vertical combination of business ventures is efficiently run and pays good dividends. But, to use the terminology of contemporary international politics, Mattei must be "contained"—perhaps in his own interest. Out of reciprocal containment "coexistence" can come, and be highly profitable for everybody concerned, including the people of Italy.

WITH THEIR rich experience in the domestic affairs of many nations, the American oil companies can be of great assistance in helping the Italian monopolists to work out their differences with Mattei. The best thing the U.S. government can do to hasten the agreement is to keep quiet and avoid stirring up Italian nationalism. After all, Mattei is not a Mossadegh. He wants to increase his nation's wealth, not keep it underground.

The compromise must be reached between the economic powers, and when that is done the Italian politicians will quickly pass a workable law. Then at last Italy will start getting oil out of its wells.

German Arms And the Men

CHARLES W. THAYER

THE DAY that North Korean troops crossed the 38th parallel in 1950, panic broke loose six thousand miles away in Germany near the other extremity of the Soviet empire. In Bonn, where I was serving as U.S. political liaison officer, Cabinet Ministers, Members of Parliament, and high officials hurried around to apply for Allied pistol permits to protect themselves when the East Germans came. "You can't even buy cyanide or strychnine," one of them told us. "It's all been bought up for use in case of capture by the Communists."

A youthful police officer from the Federal chancellery came over to see us. "We have no arms to defend the chancellery in case of a Communist raid," he said. "Can you get us two hundred pistols?"

I explained that we were fresh out of pistols but would see what we could do.

"But we must have them at once," he insisted, "before nightfall."

Before nightfall we called him in and told him we had located 175 surplus Browning automatics at a quartermaster depot. Their price was set at 69.72 Deutsche marks apiece, for reasons that only a quartermaster could explain.

The policeman's face fell. "It is too much," he said. "We haven't that much money available." "Sorry," I said. "Nothing I can do about the price."

"But can't you understand . . ." the policeman began. I got a little annoyed.

"Can't *you* understand," I interrupted, "that I'm not Sir Basil Zaharoff? I'm a political officer. Any pistol deals are purely a sideline and a favor—at a fixed price."

"We might get them cheaper in Liége," the policeman suggested.

"Then go and get them in Liége," I answered testily.

But the policeman thought better of it and pulled out a fat roll of bills. The rearmament of Germany had begun.

That was five years ago. Today, under the ratified Paris agreements, West Germany is free to start building a new national armed force of 500,000 of its own. That still leaves an uneasy world—along with uneasy Germany itself—asking the question: What kind of an army?

Civvies and Salutes

Since 1950, when Theodor Blank was appointed "Security Commissioner" for West Germany, his office has been planning what any new army should and should *not* be. Blank's office has had several years to project sweeping reforms onto an empty slate. These reforms are of two sorts, social and technical. One aim is to achieve the ideal of the "citizen in uniform." The other is a soldier trained in the modern arts of warfare.

To achieve the first, Blank's office looks on the new army as an educational institution to teach Germany's mixed-up youths to be good citizens. Civic training, political instruction, and current-events courses are emphasized in this program. In fact, when the first few hundred senior officers are enrolled, their first duty, according to present plans, will be to hold a two- or three-month seminar to study and discuss with civilian sociologists the special problems posed by the younger generation of Germans.

Off duty, the new soldier will be allowed to wear civvies and participate in community and political life. Wearing uniforms at political rallies will be forbidden, lest certain groups take advantage of large uniformed audiences—as has happened before—to demonstrate their strength.

Another innovation that upsets German tradition concerns saluting. In the old army a soldier was required to "report himself most obediently" to every officer he en-

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countered whether on duty or in a night club. In the future, when off duty, German soldiers will salute only the officers of their own units.

The Blank planners started from the premise that modern war is fought by teams of individuals each with a particular and highly specialized task. Teamwork must, therefore, be the guiding principle of modern military training. Close-order drill will be cut to a minimum. The complicated routines of a soldier doing about-face will be replaced by a natural relaxed movement designed merely to get the soldier facing in the other direction.

"When you go to the tailor," one of Blank's planners asked me, "how often does he make you turn around in front of the mirror? But do you ever go through the rigamarole they taught you at West Point in order to face about? If you tell a British soldier to turn around, he goes into a stomp like a Highland fling before he even starts turning." That sort of thing was good enough for *der alte* Fritz, the planner continued, but it's old hat today.

These concepts constitute such a break with the past that the reformers are concerned about finding sufficiently adaptable ex-officers and noncoms to teach them to the recruits.

Prussianism's Last Stronghold?

In the barracks too the principle of teamwork will be emphasized. Each squad will live together—the noncoms with their men. Within loose limits they will decide for themselves how to arrange their squad-room furniture, store their clothing, and stack their equipment. "In the past all the squad rooms of all the barracks in Germany were exactly alike," one planner told me. "Every locker was identical to the next. Every shelf contained the same number of shorts, underpants, handkerchiefs, and towels, folded identically. In the future, we believe a little variation may give a little individuality, a little self-esteem to each squad.

"You smile," he went on. "Do you think the idea is so ridiculous?" "No," I answered. "I was just thinking that if you succeed in this plan, the lockers in the cadet rooms of West Point, copied exactly from Prussian models, will be the last strongholds of Prussian discipline left in the world.

"And what about parades?" I

Theodor Blank

asked. "Surely they are useful not only for the soldier's morale but for the civilian population as well. But parades require barrack-yard drill."

The planner conceded that parades can be useful, but they need not be the precision formations of Frederick the Great or the Rockettes. "Don't you think a mass formation of men in battle dress, with their actual combat arms slung over their shoulders, will be just as impressive as the fancy-dress, goose-stepping arm-swinging formations of a hundred years ago? And why shouldn't mechanized troops pass in review in their vehicles? In future wars, few of our soldiers will travel by foot. As our cavalry officers used to say, 'If God had meant us to walk, he'd have given us four feet.'"

'To Please the Girls'

The new German soldier, the planners explained, will have two basic uniforms: genuine battle dress for training, maneuvers, and combat, and a "walking-out" uniform. The battle dress of heavy sailcloth will consist of a loose-fitting zipper jacket and overall trousers like ski pants tucked into high U.S. Army-type field boots.

The Germans find the multiplicity of uniforms in the Allied armies a little inconsistent. "What you call 'battle dress' has really nothing to do with battle at all," I was told. "It's just another variation of dress uniform. Our dress uniform, when we get around to designing it, will be just this and nothing more: something to please the girls!"

The German helmet to which von Seeckt stuck so stubbornly is at last to be discarded—for two reasons. Although it gave better protection to the neck than other helmets, it fitted too low over the ears and prevented hearing. "Besides," the planner added with a grin, "it evokes memories we'd all rather do without." In the future Army, the new helmet will be modeled on the American type with its steel outer shell and plastic liner.

The color of the uniform poses a similar problem of appropriateness. German field gray might stir up unhappy memories among the western Allies, whereas American khaki is apt to recall to the Germans the early and not always happy days of occupation. This problem has yet to be solved.

High-Level Plans

Reforms will extend over the entire field of organization. "Is there to be a General Staff again?" I asked one of the planners.

"Certainly not under that name," he replied frankly. "The chief function of the old General Staff was to prepare operational plans. That will now become a function of SHAPE. There will, of course, be General Staff officers to handle such questions as personnel, supplies, and training. There will probably also be a small G-2 staff for the evaluation of enemy order-of-battle information. However, we are not presently planning to go into the intelligence-gathering business directly."

Approaching the top level of organization, some politicians—notably Franz Josef Strauss, Bavarian Minister for Special Tasks—are thinking in terms of a German national security council, the head of which would represent the defense establishment in the Cabinet and before Parliament. This is a job for which Strauss is said to consider himself eminently suited. Under the security

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council would come not only the armed forces but perhaps a central intelligence agency as well.

The Opposition

Generally, there is little opposition among the politicians of all parties to the basic reforms suggested by the Blank office, though in some quarters one hears two criticisms: first, that the reforms are in some respects too romantic and utopian to be realizable; and second that they have been devised as an end in themselves rather than a means to a better army. Some politicians fear that the primary objective of many of the reforms is to make soldiering look more attractive to the reluctant youth of the country.

During the planning for the abortive EDC, the German negotiators found that in many respects their French and Italian colleagues were not prepared to go nearly as far as the Germans themselves in modernizing military training and democratizing military discipline. The planners, however, defend themselves against the charge of romantic exaggeration by pointing out that the Swedish Army—which they have studied very thoroughly—goes even further in "military democracy."

More serious objections are to be heard outside the Bundeshaus in Bonn, chiefly among former Nazi generals and some of the old professional soldiers. In the first category, discredited figures like Generals Remer and Ramcke are ridiculing the idea of the citizen in uniform, just as they once derided the idea of democracy for the German people. The professionals are sincerely disturbed by the break with tradition. They tend to regard the reforms as impractical dreams. To them the Spartan code of old Prussia is still the secret of Germany's military prowess. Conspicuous among these exponents of tradition is ex-Colonel Bogislav von Bonin, formerly chief of planning in Blank's office, then relegated to "other duties," and finally fired in March.

The Pro-Bonin Group

The expulsion of Bonin, a prominent officer under Hitler, comes after a period of rising tension in and around Blank's office. As a colonel aged just thirty-eight at the time of the 1944 officers' revolt and the resulting purge, he found himself suddenly elevated to the high position of Chief of the Operations section of the army, replacing the dismissed General Heusinger. A fellow officer, General du Faur, describes him thus in his early years: "He embodied the spirit of Potsdam in its purest form, stemming from an old Prussian officer family. . . . He told me and his fellow officers, gazing out into space with his big blue eyes, that only Hitler could save us. . . ." Ultimately, however, he turned against his master and tried to circumvent Hitler's order that Warsaw be destroyed—for which he was thrown into a concentration camp.

Bonin's firing has brought the opponents of Blank's reforms into the open. Its immediate cause was Bonin's unauthorized circulation of a proposal that before the citizen army is organized, a highly trained force of 150,000 professionals should be formed, armed chiefly with antitank weapons and stationed along the Federal Republic's eastern border to repel any attacks. This plan, which is allegedly at variance with SHAPE's concept of defense in depth, has received some public support in Germany on the ground that it would diminish the likelihood of West Germany itself becoming a battlefield.

On the other side, the reformers maintain that the Federal Republic could not afford both a professional and a citizen army as envisaged by Bonin and that his scheme is not based on strategic considerations but is in reality a transparent device to replace the citizen army with a tight nucleus of hastily screened old officers after the von Seeckt model. As such, the reformers maintain, it will find little support either in the Bundestag or among the German public.

It would, however, be foolish to dismiss Bonin's efforts as the last gasp of discredited reaction. His following is considerable and numbers such professional soldiers as Generals von Manstein, Reinhardt, Hossbach, and Wenck—a blond, blue-eyed Prussian whose last unfulfilled mission from Hitler as commander of the Twelfth Army was to raise the siege of Berlin. In the Bundestag, too, Bonin has found support, and several Deputies have announced their intention of investigating the circumstances of his dismissal. These will doubtless provide the old-school-tie enemies of Blank's citizen army with an opportunity of airing their anti-reform views.

The Screening Process

With these pressures rising, what is perhaps most important for the success of the proposed reforms is the timing and method by which the new officer cadres are selected. It now appears that the necessary laws for the formation of the armed forces—some sixteen or seventeen in all—will be passed through the Bundestag by fall. Not until then can Blank's office begin to call up and screen the first candidates. In the course of eighteen months it is expected to raise and train a permanent cadre of twenty-five thousand officers and about a hundred thousand enlisted men—all on a volunteer basis. Thereafter a new selective law will provide the necessary draftees to fill out the planned 500,000-man force.

Present plans call for a careful screening of all applications for positions above the rank of lieutenant colonel, including a screening by an independent personnel board appointed half by the Chancellor to represent the government and half by the Parliament to represent the churches, unions, and other civic organizations. In addition to this the Security Committee of the Bundestag will pass on all commissions of colonels and generals. The man most frequently named for the post of military commander is General Cruewell, one of Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's chiefs of staff, who was

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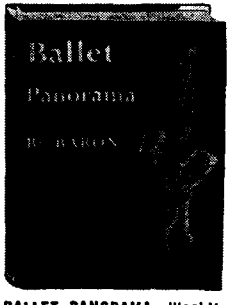

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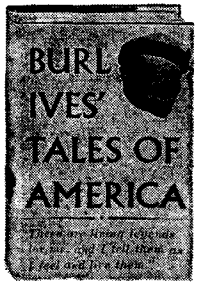

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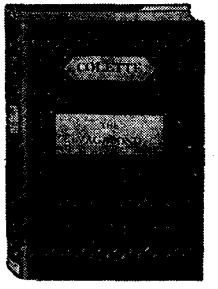

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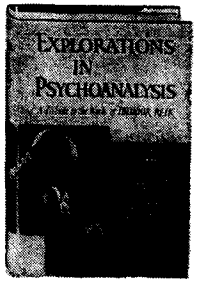

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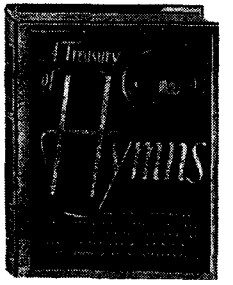

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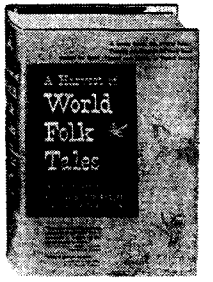

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captured by the British in the Western Desert.

Both the reformers in the Blank office and the members of the Bundestag are fully aware of the danger of permitting even a few officers unsympathetic to the reforms to re-establish themselves lest they in turn open the door to other undesirables until the original cadres selected by Blank are swamped by old-fashioned and politically unreliable elements. Hence it is essential that the first phases of the selection process move slowly if the reforms are to have any chance of success. If Germany's allies, impatient to see its twelve divisions in the field, begin to put pressure on Bonn for speedier inductions, they may well wreck the entire reform program.

And Then a Soldier . . .

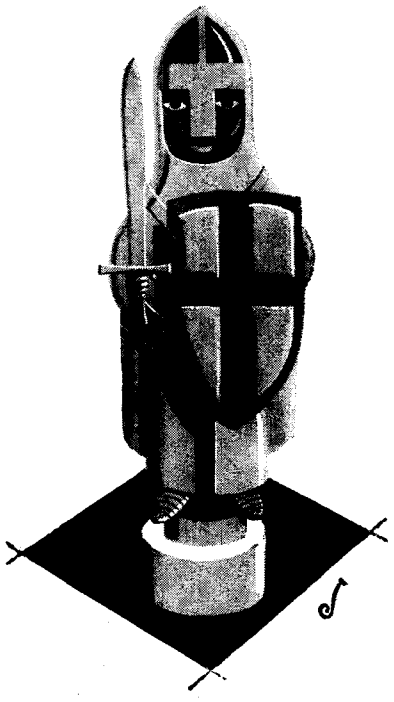
When the original permanent cadre of 125,000 volunteers has been formed, the new selective-service law will be put into operation. Under it, civilian draft boards will determine eligibility for draft and suitability for service. Thereafter the military will take over and effect assignments. In view of the depressed birth rate during the war years, it is believed that at least for six years from 1959 all eligibles will have to be drafted in order to meet manpower requirements.

The only exceptions will be conscientious objectors, whose rights are protected by German Basic Law. In interpreting this right the Germans plan to follow the British practice of requiring an objector to prove his *bona fides* by citing religious and other reasons that were apparent and operative prior to his eligibility for draft. If he can do so it is proposed that he be given either noncombatant service with the armed forces or civilian labor service.

. . . Full of Strange Oaths

Once the draftees have been inducted, two final questions remain to be solved: their oath of allegiance and the person of their commander in chief. During the Hitler régime, many a senior officer persuaded himself that in spite of his wholehearted opposition to Hitler and his program, he was precluded by his oath from participating in any attempt to thwart or overthrow him. After the war, the penchant of the occupation forces for requiring Germans to swear to every sort of *Fragebogen* also helped distort the force and meaning of an oath. Present plans call for the recruit to take no oath at all but simply to declare his readiness to serve his company commander personally and to seal the declaration with a handshake.

As to the person of the commander in chief, many object to naming the President of the Republic since, once elected, he is too remote from Parliamentary control. Similarly, if the Chancellor were named



commander in chief he would theoretically be answerable to Parliament for the armed forces, whereas in practice the Defense Minister would be. Hence it is possible that the Defense Minister will eventually be the commander in chief.

These two questions of the oath and the commander in chief may seem trivial, but they come, perhaps, closer to the heart of the problem of the new German Army than any other single reform. No matter how well or how badly Blank's reform plans work, the ultimate control over the armed forces must be exercised by the civilian authorities. As General Heusinger said recently: "In the last analysis, it is the politicians who determine the Army's role. If they fail no amount of reform will make good their fault."

For fifteen years after the restrictions of the Treaty of Versailles were imposed, no German political leader dreamed of openly abrogating its military provisions (though many acquiesced in clandestine violations). Even after the politicians failed and Hitler came to power in 1933, the Army opposed his aggressive policies. Not until 1935, sixteen years after Versailles, did Hitler openly denounce its provisions.

Who can predict who is to be Chancellor fifteen, seventeen, or twenty years from now? What new international relationship will prevail in central Europe? Already an analysis of Germany's youth made by Blank's office notes a tendency of the younger elements to be "more willing to allow themselves to be led."

Few question the sincerity of Adenauer and his followers of their devotion to western democracy. But one can well doubt the ability of so fragile an institution as German democracy to withstand, without international support, the pressures that will inevitably develop if only because of Germany's geographic position in central Europe between East and West, between Communism and freedom.

The European Defense Community offered a way to resist those pressures, which are already building up on Germany's borders. Western European Union, as it now stands, does not. Unless the western powers can convert WEU into a vital force for genuine western European integration within the next decade, German chauvinism may yet rise again to plague us. To be dangerous, chauvinism requires only a nationalistic government and an armed force, reformed or unreformed.

In view of the current Soviet threat, are those twelve extra divisions today worth the risk twenty years hence? We can only hope that in the panicky days following French rejection of the EDC, the statesmen of western Europe asked themselves that question.

Their question, and everyone's, is whether Germany's own democracy will now develop in strength because of the twelve-division army it is about to produce, or in spite of it.

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Quemoy and Formosa As I Saw Them

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brigadier General U.S.A. (Ret.)

STEP BY STEP we become more deeply involved in the defense of several small islands 6,500 miles from our West Coast but only a rowboat ride from the Chinese mainland. Quemoy and Matsu have been made into a symbol of whether or not the United States is willing to resist Communist expansion in Asia.

If we should go to war over the offshore islands held by the Nationalist government, it would be the flimsiest cause for war in our history. How did we drift into involvement in the defense of these islands?

Korea and Formosa

The Nationalists, being driven from the mainland in 1949, retained Hainan Island off the south coast of China, Quemoy Island in Amoy Harbor, Matsu Island twenty miles from the mouth of the Min River on which Foochow is located, the Tachen Islands off the mouth of the Lin River, and the Chusan Archipelago off Hangchow Bay.

The Nationalist forces were spread so thin that it was obvious not all of the islands could be held. Acting upon the advice of a private military Advisory Group of retired U.S. Navy and Army officers, Chiang Kai-shek withdrew from Hainan and the Chusan Archipelago and concentrated his forces on Formosa, which, because of its distance from the mainland, could be held.

That move left Chiang Kai-shek in control of twenty-eight small islands along the coast. The most important of these were the Tachens, 230 miles north of Formosa, Matsu, 105 miles northwest, and Quemoy, about 125 miles west.

A strong Red attack on Quemoy October 25, 1949, was repulsed after two days of severe fighting. Eight thousand Red casualties resulted.

When the Korean War began in June, 1950, the Joint Chiefs of Staff advised that Formosa should not be allowed to fall into unfriendly hands. President Truman then directed the Seventh Fleet to protect Formosa. At the same time he ordered the fleet to prevent any action by the Nationalists against the mainland. This was done, as the late Admiral Forrest Sherman testified, to keep the United States from taking sides in the Chinese civil war.

The Communist Chinese then gave up preparations to complete the conquest of Formosa and the offshore islands to prepare for their surprise entry into the Korean War. They became involved in the fall of 1950 after the North Korean forces had been completely defeated and almost entirely dispersed.

And Then Indo-China

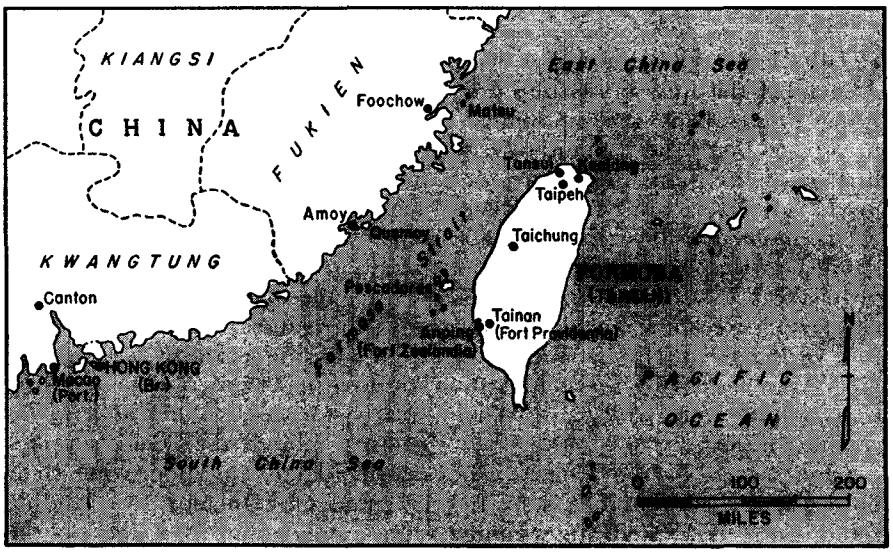
The Chinese Communists' principal military efforts were concentrated in North Korea until the armistice of 1953 enabled them to free supplies and arms which were then sent to help the Communists in Vietnam. Prior to this time help had been slight, but now it flowed into Indo-China in increasing volume. Communist Vietnamese were trained in Chinese military schools; divisions were organized where previously only guerrilla battalions had been used; and Chinese military advisers helped plan Vietminh operations.

The Communist revolt in Vietnam culminated in the defeat of the French at Dienbienphu last May 7 and the Geneva armistice agreement of July 21 dividing Indo-China. Immediately afterward, the Chinese Communists started preparations to complete the conquest of the Nationalists on the offshore islands.

Meanwhile, in February, 1953, President Eisenhower had "unleashed" Chiang Kai-shek. He announced that "the Seventh Fleet will not longer be employed to shield Communist China." This action put the United States in a position of taking sides in the Chinese civil war. It has since been brought out that Chiang Kai-shek had had to agree not to undertake any action against the mainland without the consent of the United States. But this part of the "unleashing" was kept secret at the time. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, which had considered the idea many times, had given no advice on it. Since the JCS had made no favorable recommendation in the past, it may be assumed that from a military point of view the risks and costs of a real unleashing were greater than any possible advantage.

The Red propaganda campaign for the "liberation" of Formosa and the offshore islands started in earnest last August. Artillery was moved into position on Amoy and on the north shore of Amoy Harbor where it could take all of Quemoy under fire. The Provincial People's Congress of Fukien, the Chinese province

Map by Starworth



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opposite Formosa, made the first call for the "liberation" of Formosa and Quemoy. This was followed August 11 by an address by Premier Chou En-lai. "The Government of the People's Republic of China," Chou proclaimed, "once again declares Taiwan [Formosa] is inviolable Chinese territory, that its occupation by the United States cannot be tolerated, and that it is equally intolerable to have it placed under a United Nations trusteeship. . . ."

The Advisory Group

Late in 1951, a small United States military Advisory Group had been established on Formosa under Major General William C. Chase. The training, morale, and armaments of the Nationalist forces were found to be very bad. The shipment of arms was far behind schedule because Korea, NATO, and Indo-China took precedence over Formosa. The mission of the Advisory Group was to equip and train the Nationalist forces primarily for defensive operations. Chiang had about 550,000 men, many more than he could maintain and more than the United States wanted to arm. Twelve to fifteen divisions were planned as an adequate defensive force. Chiang Kai-shek objected to the smallness of the total and finally he was offered the equipment for eighteen divisions. Finding that he could bargain, he held out for twenty-one. He got the equipment for twenty-one. The Generalissimo then proceeded to organize twenty-four divisions, all under strength, and to divide up the equipment for twenty-one among the twenty-four.

WHEN I was on Formosa last September the Advisory Group was trying to get back the equipment spread among the unauthorized three extra divisions. The story of how Chiang had acquired equipment for six more divisions than we had planned to supply was told me as a great joke by a Chinese official who had participated in the negotiations. "We expected you to be firm," he said. "You had us by the belt. You were holding our pants up. Why weren't you firm?"

Acquiescence in the Generalissimo's scheme was another step in committing the United States more deeply than it had any intention initially of being committed.

After the "unleashing" of Chiang more attention was paid to the defense of the offshore islands. There had been a substantial garrison on Quemoy since 1949, a small garrison on Matsu, and a somewhat larger one on the Tachens. The offshore islands became eligible to receive special equipment early in 1953 after Chiang was "unleashed" by the President, but little equipment was provided until 1954, when members of our Advisory Group began to take an active part in preparing defenses. The reason advanced for getting involved in the offshore islands is that *we* do not decide what to defend; that is up to Chiang Kai-shek. We do not control what use he makes of his troops. It is the Advisory Group's business to check on use of equipment and its maintenance.

This is, of course, both fact and fiction. Ostensibly the United States does not control the use of Nationalist troops, but it could, if it were deemed necessary, by the threat of withdrawal of support. Regardless of the merits of the argument, as soon as our Advisory Group put U.S. personnel on the offshore islands to help organize the defenses, a further moral commitment to defend them was accepted.

Shells and Propaganda

When I was on Quemoy early last September, the garrison was five understrength divisions amounting to about thirty thousand men. There was evidence of a great deal of new trench digging; ammunition could be seen piled under trees; new gun emplacements were surrounded by bare earth and had not been camouflaged. The net impression was that determined preparations for defense had started rather recently. At that time the garrisons on Matsu and the Tachens numbered about three thousand and seven thousand respectively.

After the opening of the Communist propaganda drive for the "liberation" of the offshore islands and Formosa in August, the Nationalists greatly increased their activity in sending more troops and supplies to the islands and improving their defenses. On Quemoy two landing ships were set up as a dock at the western end in a sheltered place between Quemoy and Little Quemoy. One ship was run ashore head-on and the other was placed across the first to form a "T" where supply ships could unload. This improvised pier was within easy range of Amoy and the coast to the north.

The bombardment of Quemoy September 3 was directed at this pier and the defense activity taking place under the Communists' noses. The landing ships were sunk and two lieutenant colonels of our Advisory Group who were on the shore near the pier were killed. This was a great propaganda opportunity for the Nationalists. The fact that the bombardment was aimed at the pier was concealed. Instead, a government spokesman pointed out that the bombardment had been directed at the same spot where the Communists had attempted to land in 1949. The Nationalist Air Force and artillery went into action. The spokesman announced daily the details of strafing of military junks and bombardment of Communist artillery positions. What he did not announce was that the Nationalist artillery fire never exceeded thirty rounds a day and that the junks that were being strafed were just fishing craft.

The Nationalist counteraction was played up by the government spokesman as having prevented the invasion of Quemoy. At a press conference, one of the reporters who understood Chinese heard the spokesman ask another officer behind him, "How many rounds shall we say were fired? Three thousand? Four thousand?" The other replied, "Six thousand."

This hoax—the pretense that the invasion of Quemoy had been thwarted—was a propaganda effort by the Nationalists to build up their position with the United States. It was obvious on Formosa and Quemoy that no invasion was in prospect. There was no concentration of shipping or troops, nor were there any airfields whatsoever within invasion-supporting distance of Quemoy.

The propaganda and deception had an unexpected result. Our Joint Chiefs of Staff took it seriously and met in secret session to decide whether to recommend that the United States intervene to help Quemoy. Ac-

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cording to reliable reports, the JCS was divided 3-1 in favor, with General Ridgway dissenting. The National Security Council, most disturbed, met in Washington under the chairmanship of Vice-President Nixon and then again in Denver September 12 under President Eisenhower. The President made no decision, since by this time it was obvious that an invasion of Quemoy was not imminent.

The Tachens

Just after the bombardment of Quemoy, two high Nationalist military officials told me that they thought it was probably a diversion to get the Nationalists to put more effort into reinforcing the Quemoy garrison. They believed that the first effort to capture the offshore islands would be directed against the Tachens, two hundred miles north of Formosa.

Sure enough, in December and January the Reds began to blockade the Tachens. A Communist patrol boat sank a Nationalist destroyer escort. Air raids were frequent and increasing in size. On January 18 the Reds stormed the small island of Yikiang about seven miles north of Upper Tachen. It was apparent after this assault that the Tachens could not be held.

This time the crisis was real. The decision about Quemoy had been evaded. This one could not be. The Tachens were given up. Because we had encouraged their defense with the advice of military advisers and had supplied equipment for that purpose, it was felt the United States had a moral obligation to protect the evacuation. The apparently simple step of sending U.S. Advisory Group personnel to the offshore islands without considering whether we wanted to defend them had turned into a moral obligation to protect the garrison's withdrawal.

The President's Message

Six days after the assault on Yikiang the President asked Congress for broad authority to act ". . . in situations which are recognizable as parts of, or definite preliminaries to, an attack against the main positions of Formosa and the Pescadores."

And furthermore, he added, "The danger of armed attack on the area compels us to take into account closely related localities and actions, which, under current conditions, might determine the failure or success of such an attack."

It was estimated at the time that it would possibly be six months before the Communists could prepare to take Matsu, two hundred miles south. This delay would be necessary because of logistic difficulties and the need to prepare airfields farther south. The estimate appears to be holding up.

WITH THIS TIME in which to work, it was the hope of the President and the Secretary of State that some arrangement could be made with the Chinese Communists, either through the United Nations or by the mediation of some power friendly both to the United States and the People's Republic of China. Quemoy and Matsu were regarded as strategic pawns to be traded for a cease-fire in the Formosa Strait. It was the plan of the President not to go it alone —just as he had refused to do in Indo-China—but to get U.N. and Allied support for a reasonable solution.

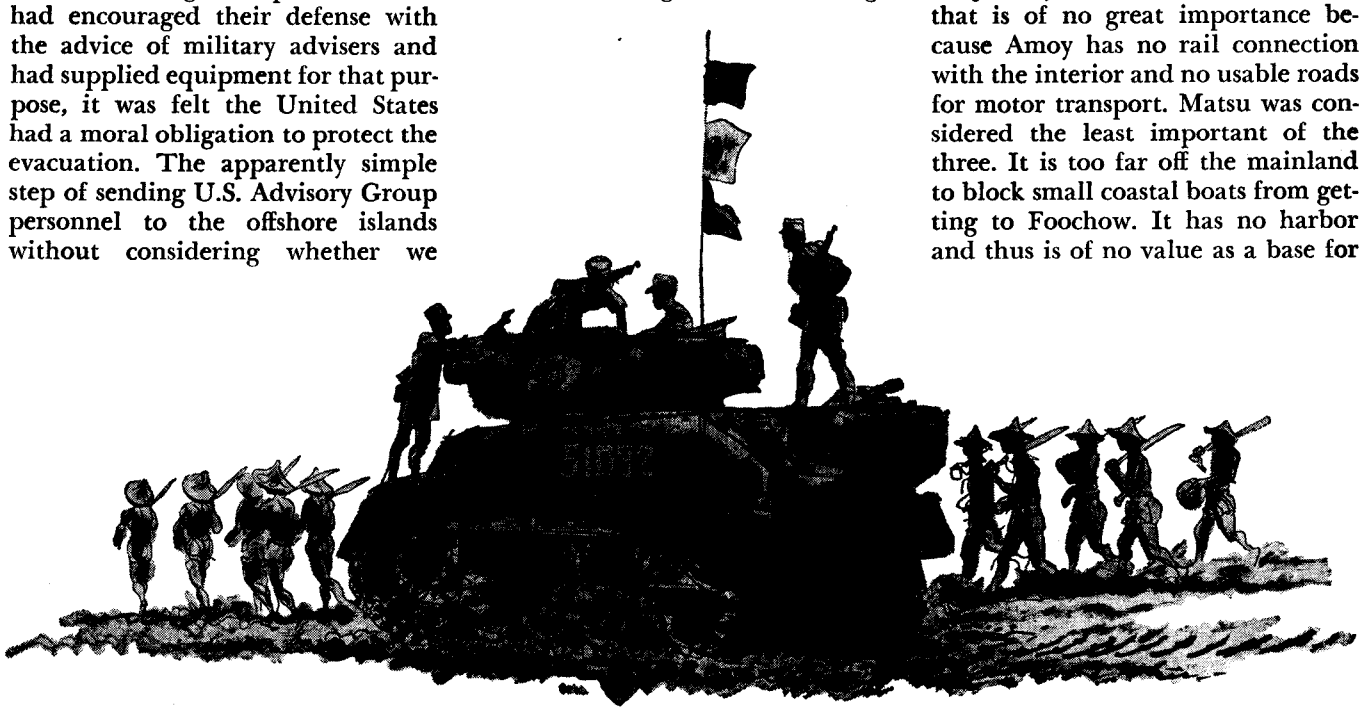
The Communists refused to deal. The offshore islands and Formosa are part of China, they declared; their liberation is an internal Chinese affair and not legally subject to United Nations action. Chiang Kai-shek also refused to be a party to a deal of any sort.

In the meantime the assault on Matsu is approaching and with it a time for decision. If Matsu is to be defended with U.S. help, a decision must be made soon to give the Navy and Air Force time to prepare.

Are They Worth It?

How important are these little islands for which we may go to war? My discussions on Formosa with both Chinese and American military officials indicated that they regarded the Tachens, which have been given up, as more important than Quemoy and Matsu. Most of the Communist air force is north of the Tachens in the Changhai and Ningpo areas. The Tachens, on the flyway from these bases to Okinawa and Formosa, were ideally placed for radar. Thirty to forty minutes' warning could have been supplied to Formosa.

Quemoy blocks Amoy Harbor, but that is of no great importance because Amoy has no rail connection with the interior and no usable roads for motor transport. Matsu was considered the least important of the three. It is too far off the mainland to block small coastal boats from getting to Foochow. It has no harbor and thus is of no value as a base for



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patrol craft. None of the islands would be of any use for invasion of the mainland.

I FOUND no one in the Far East who thought that defending the islands made sense. Moreover, no European ally, including Great Britain, would support us in their defense. The latest argument in favor of defending them, phrased by one official shortly after Admiral Radford's return from a trip to Formosa and a conference with Secretary Dulles, is that Nationalist morale might suffer so if the offshore islands were lost that the value of one of our most effective allies would be lost—an ally with an army of 350,000 to 400,000 men. However, going to war mainly to cheer up the Nationalist Army would seem a bit silly.

Obviously, Quemoy and Matsu are not connected with the defense of Formosa. They are endangered now, while any Red threat to Formosa is a matter of years away. By the time the Communists develop the naval and air forces to assault Formosa, the offshore islands will long have been untenable.

ONE REASON that many Washington warriors speak of a conflict with China so casually is that they do not believe China could inflict much damage on us. They are in error. The Communist Chinese could restart the Korean War, where again we would be at a very great military disadvantage. The Communists could start new revolutions in Laos and Thailand. They could restart the war in Vietnam. Any of these moves would require the commitment of very substantial ground forces from the United States. The Peking propagandists also say that they would have atomic bombs to use against us if we used them on military installations in China.

There can be no question of the Communists' intention to proceed against the offshore islands when they are ready. The President has to make his big decision in the next few weeks. Unfortunately, he will have to weigh the fact that Chiang—in co-operation with us—has made Quemoy and Matsu a symbol that the President will have to recognize in his calculations. Will this symbol drag us into war?

'PAPER TIGER'

JOHN CARTER VINCENT

In Mr. Dulles's recent report to the nation upon his return from the Orient there is the implication that we would "lose face" with Asians if we should fail to support the Nationalists on the offshore islands.

Two things must be said about "losing face." The first is that, except in strictly ceremonial or social matters, the question of "face" plays no greater part in the practical and political life of an Oriental than it does in the life of an American. The second is that neither any individual nor any nation can possibly "lose face"—patronizing, pidgin English, Kipling talk for the word "prestige"—by taking sensible, as against reckless, action.

Confirmation on this point, apart from that amply provided by ethics, history, and common sense, is supplied by Ichiro Hatoyama, Premier of Japan, who said: ". . . the United States would not lose face in Japan if it were to decide not to defend Quemoy and Matsu." The Japanese, he added, "hope a serious situation will not develop over the islands. They also hope that Chiang will not invade the mainland and that the Reds will not invade Formosa." This is an expression of the feelings and hopes of the nation upon which we must place major reliance in our fight against Communism in the Far East. There is reason to believe that many other Asian leaders share his feelings and hopes.

The three situations—Korea, Indo-China, and the Tachens—Mr. Dulles cites as prompting the Chinese Communist régime to give us the label of "paper tiger" have a common denominator, and a fairly low one. In each we threatened military actions which for reasons of policy we did not carry out. In each of these situations the policy decisions were wise.

The exercise of wisdom does not gain one the title of "paper tiger" in the eyes of Eastern peoples. It is the military and political fanfare and policy irresolution that preceded these decisions, and the Monday-morning quarterbacking of disgruntled and self-serving interests that followed them. The malady indicates the cure: that we go about the matter of determining policy with less saber rattling and political jockeying, and with more foresight and quiet resolution.

The situations that Mr. Dulles has cited are military. But there is another area of policy and action where we are presently indulging in an equal disparity between proclaimed purpose and action.

We can avoid the risk of being thought "paper tigerish" only by evolving plans for a democratic economic and social offensive in Asia and suiting our words to our deeds. It does us no good to have Mr. Stassen saying one thing about aid to Asia and having Secretary Humphrey promptly contradict him—or for Mr. Dulles to emphasize the importance of fighting internal subversion without giving equal emphasis to the cure for the social and economic distresses upon which Communist subversion feeds.

In 1950 Mr. Dulles wrote: "Under the pressure of faith and hope and peaceful works, the rigid, topheavy and overextended structure of Communist rule could readily come into a state of collapse." One may have doubts as to the applicability of St. Paul's great text in this context and still accept the appropriateness of the substitution of "peaceful works" for "charity." The nations of free Asia do not want charity but they do want our "peaceful works." They do not expect a full Christmas stocking but they would like to have some stockings. They do not expect us to play Santa Claus, and certainly we do not want that role. Accordingly, we should avoid talking generously and giving penuriously. If there is something worse than being regarded as Santa Claus, it is being regarded as a paper Santa Claus.

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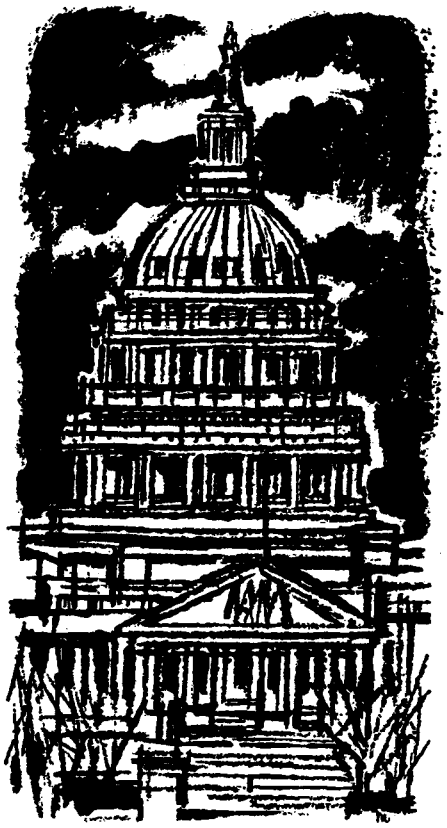
Government By Leak

DOUGLASS CATER



For the Washington correspondent whose job often depends on his ability to digest the rich fare served at the so-called "background" dinner, it is always embarrassing when the lid blows off a story that was meant to be strictly "not for attribution." Like a small-time gambler who gets word from the police department that the heat is on, he knows that for some unpredictable time there are going to be slim pickings in the vicinity. His job of reporting the news behind the news is going to be made a great deal more difficult.

For the average citizen, who cannot be expected to bring to his daily newspaper reading all the sophistication and "inside know" of a journalist, the business of background with its never-ending complications must be infinitely more perplexing. Take, for example, his recent confusion on reading so reliable a newspaper as the New York *Times*. On Saturday, March 26, he was told in a 3-column, 36-point headline in the upper right-hand corner of page one: U.S. EXPECTS CHINESE REDS TO ATTACK ISLES IN APRIL; WEIGHS ALL-OUT DEFENSE. Three days later, he read in the same position, same type: EISENHOWER SEES NO WAR NOW OVER CHINESE ISLES.

If he studied the accompanying stories closely, the reader noted one similarity amid the contradictions. Neither had a single word to indicate who had presumed to speak in the first instance for the United States or in the second for President Eisenhower. The reader was obliged to take the word of the reporters, in these two instances highly reliable men, that their awesome stories were based on fact.

During the weeks since the Formosa Strait crisis broke into the headlines in late January, the reader has been obliged to accept a sizable quantity of news in this fashion. He was told that the evacuation of the Tachen Islands was a retrenchment designed to prevent a situation in which the Chinese Nationalists might involve us in fighting for some comparatively worthless real estate. Later he has learned, courtesy of New York *Times* headlines, of a CHINA STALEMATE FORESEEN BY U.S. IN FORMOSA POLICY, with a continuing situation of neither war nor peace. He has subsequently been given lengthy and varying descriptions of the timing, the extent, and the conditions of potential war in the Far East, but always without being told who was making these life-and-death judgments. James Reston, chief Washington correspondent of the New York *Times,* catalogued five basic contradictions in the stories emerging during just a few days in late March. It was truly a period of the background story gone wild.

Wartime Origins

If nothing else, the whole episode has served to bring into sharp focus one of the most trying problems confronting the press as it attempts to report matters of high governmental policy: how to conduct a vigorous intelligence operation without being made victim of the counterintelligence schemes of various public officials. The problem has its core in the rather amorphous institution known as the background briefing.

The background briefing, at least in its present form and scope, is of comparatively recent origin. Undoubtedly, high public officials have long enjoyed the practice of hobnobbing with newspapermen cronies and feeding them information calculated to advance special causes or personal ambitions. Herbert Hoover, Sr., when he was Secretary of Commerce, was an accomplished purveyor of the "leak." But it was not until the Second World War that the background briefing became a systematic practice. The high brass, General George C. Marshall and Admirals Ernest J. King and William D. Leahy, initiated it by confiding to a group of selected journalists some of the most delicate secrets of a nation at war.

As always with affairs of the press, it began quite informally, almost haphazardly. Admiral King, who was the good friend of a friend of a reporter, agreed to attend some gatherings in this middleman's home in Alexandria, Virginia. General Marshall usually preferred the more austere surroundings of a Pentagon conference room. These military men displayed a remarkable trust in the journalists, sometimes detailing highly important battle plans and even such explosive secrets as the anticipated timing of D-Day in Europe.

What was said in those briefings was strictly off the record. The reporters took no notes. After each session they usually compared recollections and prepared confidential memoranda for their editors.

No one was expected to use what he learned there for a news story. The purpose of the briefings was largely preventive—to keep the reporter from going off half cocked. In general, the process worked successfully during the war, although it did not answer the problem of what

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to do about the journalists who it was felt could not be accorded such trust.

AFTER THE WAR the background session expanded and flourished. Its major practitioners were still the by now veteran Washington correspondents who had been involved in the wartime briefings. Before long certain junior journalists went into competition by forming small quasi-social groups of their own for the purpose of dining and grilling the high and the mighty. Inclusion in the more intimate background sessions came to have prestige value in the journalists' caste system. Even the press-association men, who earlier refused to consider a story without a solid source, began to participate. Only such journalistic lone wolves as Drew Pearson and the Alsop brothers looked with disdain at these goings on, preferring to gather their secrets at their own private dinner parties.

The rules of the game also began to multiply and become more complex. Partly because the matters discussed at the conferences were not so delicate as during wartime, partly because the newsmen chafed at getting information purely for self-edification, there was an inevitable trend toward relaxing the strictures against publication. Now conferences might range from "deep" background to a variety of lighter hues, depending on the squeamishness of the informant. In the main, the so-called Lindley rule, developed by Ernest K. Lindley of *Newsweek*, governed the proceedings. It required, as someone has noted, what amounted to compulsory plagiarism. The journalist could use what he learned, but strictly on his own authority or at best with such disingenuous attributions as "informed circles," "a government spokesman," and the like. Usually there was at least one day's moratorium on news coming out of such background briefings. Sometimes it was tacitly understood that nothing would be used until the source of the story could get out of town. Nothing was cut and dried about the arrangements. Misunderstandings were frequent, increasing with the importance of the news.

The reporter's notebook, banned at first, gradually began to appear somewhat surreptitiously on his knees and finally emerged right out on the table. There was always some bickering among the reporters about this development; the late Blair Moody, for example, provoked criticism from colleagues because of his copious notetaking. It was feared that this sort of thing served to impair the informal atmosphere.

Business with Pleasure

The critics—and there are a lonely few among the newsmen who stubbornly refuse to attend any news conference that is not on the record—argue that it is precisely this informality that curses the whole practice. Mixing business and pleasure, with usually a goodly number of drinks thrown in, serves to befuddle the newsmen as well as the official. No one ever seems to be quite sure what the rules are supposed to be. An ironic instance of this occurred after the evening session on March 28 held with White House Press Secretary James Hagerty, who repudiated the imminent war alarm sounded at Chief of Naval Operations Robert B. Carney's background session four days earlier. Afterward, Roscoe Drummond, bureau chief of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and Lyle Wilson of the United Press, thinking there would be the usual moratorium, went home to bed, only to be roused a few hours later by anguished calls from their New York offices. They had been scooped.

But there are more serious criticisms than simply the problem of journalistic competition. The newsman, particularly when the background briefing runs the way it has recently, can justly complain that he is being made a victim of intramural propaganda warfare. Carney tells him one thing and Hagerty another, but he must present both on his own authority. No matter how regretfully, he finds himself serving as an agent of confusion rather than of clarification. Yet he feels powerless to correct the abuses.

THE HIGH public official, too, may have a real problem as well as a few legitimate gripes. He needs to keep the more authoritative members of the press informed. On occasion, he even needs to float trial balloons when he is operating in an area of uncertain policy. The process of transmitting the news from the background briefing inevitably tends to harden it and to give it a finality that may not have been intended.

There was, for example, the occasion in 1953 when Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, following an old practice, confided to reporters his tentative thinking about a Korean boundary settlement and, more explosively, the possibility of a U.N. trusteeship for Formosa. The stories emerging from that conference were stated so flatly that the Administration would probably have felt obliged to knock them down even if it had mustered enough courage to withstand Senator Knowland's outraged protests.

It should be added that the fault is not exclusively the reporter's. Because he cannot quote a source, he finds it almost impossible to convey

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the gradations of meaning that good reporting requires. The background briefing provides a field day for any colleague who prefers to present the news in stark, cataclysmic terms.

Deceptive Anonymity

But it is the newspaper reader who gets the worst of the deal. The reporting of the background conference deprives him of exactly that necessary background information he needs to make a meaningful assessment of the news. The misnomer "informed sources," which gives a vague plurality to opinion that may belong to a single individual, seems calculated to deceive him.

A prime example of such deception was furnished by the stories coming out of Admiral Carney's conference. For one thing, the reader needed to be told that this attitude toward an inevitable war in Asia was nothing new on Carney's part. Indeed, ten months ago, shortly after the fall Dienbienphu, Carney had made a similar exhortation in a public speech, comparing the situation to that of Munich. No news story could possibly have been complete without mentioning this long-standing attitude of the man or the fact that others, even among the Joint Chiefs, disagreed with him. But by late Saturday, March 26, when the afternoon papers had compounded the confusion, it began to look as if all official Washington had simultaneously arrived at the prediction of mid-April war.

There is a charitable view that can be taken of this particular episode that exonerates the newspapermen if not an Administration at war with itself. After all, the disagreement did exist in high government places. Far better, it can be argued, that it should be fought in the open rather than cooped up until it is too late. This view presupposes, of course, that the nation's nervous system can accommodate itself to recurrent shocks of this type without becoming utterly listless.

It would be a good thing if the nation's newspaper editors, in their next convention in Washington, would take time out from their habitual outcry against the government press agent and the mimeographed handout to devote some attention to the background briefing.

THE SMALL BAND IS DWINDLING

ERIC SEVAREID

Mr. John W. Davis was buried the other day at the age of eighty-one. Another of that dwindling group of towering Americans from a past age of event is gone—great men like Henry Stimson, who never achieved the pinnacle of public life, the Presidency, when lesser men did; men whose dedication to their country was wholesouled, nevertheless, and for whom the supreme frustration of personal ambition never deflected them away from public services of a monumental nature.

The small band of true elder statesmen is dwindling still smaller, their counsel will one day soon be entirely lost, and sometimes one wonders how and when they are to be replaced. This may be illusion, but it always seemed to me they represented an influence in our public affairs fundamentally different from the mental and emotional promptings of most men now of the prime and middle age. The minds of men like Davis and Stimson—one could add others, like Learned Hand or the poets Sandburg and Frost—were formed in a quite different era.

Their views of life were rooted in the long American past, anchored in what seemed to be rock. Their principles of conduct and action, their faith in the American vision, were matured before the First World War, which began the present process of anarchy in personal and public principle. Nearly all who have matured since that first world slaughter matured in doubt and the short-term view. *They* matured in faith and the long view. On behalf of their eternal principles of the free mind, they would join no hasty rationalizations in the misused name of security. They would today, I think, in the face of possible war in Asia, look to the lessons of history, not to the compulsions of strategy, where so many lesser men direct their eyes.

There were eternal verities for a man like John W. Davis, and one was the meaning of the American Constitution. He was probably the greatest Constitutional lawyer of his time; and he would, if his verities were involved, defend a so-called security risk other men would shun, or even an acknowledged Communist.

Always, the principle was the thing, not the individual, not the pressing needs of the harried present nor the fleeting charms of popularity. Knowing the majority can be wrong, such men would not bow to the icons of public opinion. One cannot quite imagine them scrutinizing the public-opinion polls, sending careful trial balloons into the air to see where safety lay, or surrounding themselves with ghost writers, weighing each calculated word to offend no possible pressure group. They proceeded from principle and hoped the needs of the moment would fit; they did not proceed from the needs of the moment, inventing or adjusting principle as protective coloration.

Such men had a positive effect on their country's course, beyond, sometimes, the influence of those who had taken the great offices in their stead. One wonders, sometimes, what the course of Reconstruction would have been, that period of public disease, had Horatio Seymour not lost the Presidency to General Grant, so vastly inferior to Seymour in intellect and vision. One wonders what would have been our course through the frantic 'twenties, ending in the depression collapse, had John W. Davis not lost the Presidency to Calvin Coolidge, who sat on the White House porch and rocked, impervious to a new idea . . . Those are the might-have-beens of history, indication in themselves of how wrong the majority can be.

But Davis's life and works were not might-have-been in themselves. Private life did not frustrate the great lawyer; his works were many and important, and the country is the better for his long and enviable life.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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How We Look From the North

LESLIE ROBERTS

THE CENTRAL PROBLEM of the U. S.-Canadian relationship (as a Canadian sees it) is that although the United States clearly recognizes the inseparability of the two countries, it does not always remember that they are politically separate.

This does not mean that it is a "bad" relationship. It is anything but that. It does not mean that Canada wants a whole new rule book written. It does not mean that the individual Canadian does not like the individual American. They get along fine, though Canadians are not "just like" Americans, as so many visitors to Canada and so many good-will orators seem to think. Then what *does* it mean?

It means that the United States is prone to do things that affect Canada's present and future without first ascertaining how Canada is likely to feel about them or what the impact will be on the Canadian economy, on Canadian politics, or even on the admittedly tender feelings of the Canadian people. It means that Uncle Sam (with great good will in his heart) often forgets that Canada is a sovereign nation, and that sovereign nations like to be consulted. It means that sovereign nations do not like to be subjected to pressure, as the United States has exerted it repeatedly in the United Nations on Canada as well as on other friendly powers. It means that they do not relish invasions of their sovereignty, no matter how friendly the invader.

IT MEANS in the final analysis that the United States is an unpredictable country at the highest government levels. Its unanticipated actions do not baffle only the British and the French, who obviously do not know much about the American outlook or American techniques of government. Uncle Sam's actions are often a source of bewilderment, and therefore irritation, to the next-door neighbors in Canada.

Recently Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs, Lester B. Pearson, remarked that the relationship has never been as delicate as it is today but never as good. He went on to add that it may become increasingly delicate as time goes by. Canada is growing rapidly, and the stronger it becomes the more insistent will it be on consultation with the United States in matters of mutual concern. That is where "delicacy" comes in. When Mr. Pearson said that the relationship has never been as good as it is today, no doubt he was thinking of the numerous occasions in the past when Canada was subjected to somewhat cavalier treatment by the United States.

Again contrary to the superficialities of the good-will orators, the relationship has never been an easy one for Canada. The record is cluttered with the debris of collisions reaching all the way back to the two countries' beginnings, in most of which Canada came off second best.

The Seaway

The story of the St. Lawrence Seaway is the classic recent example of American failure to pay heed to Canadian aspirations by delaying implementation of covenants and then rushing in with brand-new solutions without consulting the party of the second part. Although Canada has accepted the program approved by Washington—an all-U.S. channel and canal system through the forty-eight miles of the international section of the river—it has taken what to Canada is a second-best solution to get the job moving. But it is not what a great many Canadians, including members of the Administration, wanted.

Delegations urged the Government in Ottawa to turn down the American plan. Influential newspapers fulminated. That was not surprising. After interminable waiting, Canada had announced its desire to proceed with an all-Canadian waterway, and in 1952 Washington had concurred in Canada's decision to go ahead alone. The Canadian route was surveyed. Thousands of soundings were taken. The north bank of the river was diamond-drilled and its rock formations were studied. A Seaway Authority was appointed and given power to finance the project. Canada was ready to start digging when, last May 13, the United States suddenly declared itself in, but restricted its participation by law to a waterway lying wholly in New York State and an expenditure of approximately $100 million, although the cost of driving the deep Canadian part of the channel through to Montreal will be at least three times that sum.

Objections and History

To quote an Ottawa spokesman, the U.S. legislation still "raises at least as many questions as it answers." Does the United States expect to share 50-50 in administering the whole navigation project, though putting up less than one-third of the cost? Or does Uncle Sam regard the New York State operation as a separate entity? If so, will Canadians enjoy equal access with Americans? Then what about the McCarran Act? What about tolls? How much political interference is Congress likely to inject from time to time?

Canada's need of the Seaway has never been fully understood in the United States, even by some of its best friends. Neither has Canada's impatience. It must be borne in mind that discussion goes all the way back to the 1920's and that a treaty with the United States was concluded at the beginning of the 1930's to do the job as partners. Meanwhile Canada dug the Welland Ship Canal, joining Lakes Erie and Ontario and opening the way for deep-draught vessels from the head of the lakes down to the international section of the St. Lawrence, a distance of a thousand miles. The Welland could not be dug today for less than a billion dollars. It was constructed as a unit of the over-all project, which Canada expected would go ahead forthwith.

The treaty gathered dust in Washington. In 1941 it was replaced by an Agreement, for which President

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Roosevelt hoped to swing a Congressional majority, where he had failed to secure the two-thirds vote needed for treaty approval by the Senate. He couldn't get even that. Neither could President Truman. Nor, for that matter, could President Eisenhower. Congress gave him something quite different.

Two-Way Cargoes

During the decades of delay, western Canada's need for a low-cost route to the sea developed sharply. As originally conceived, the Seaway would have provided a cheap method for moving the prairie grain crop, eighty-five per cent of which is sold outside Canada. Thus most of the early agitation for the waterway came from the plains, because to move wheat from the lakehead into, say, Montreal without transshipment en route would lower carrying charges by at least six cents a bushel. Ergo, the prairies were the home of most of the country's Seaway agitation, with some backing from Toronto and other Canadian lake ports. Montreal was against it, as were the Provincial Government of Quebec and the transcontinental railroads.

After the Second World War the opposition disappeared almost overnight. Canada had entered an era of fabulous development. It needed the cheapest transportation it could get to open its vast resources. The capstone was development of the vast beds of iron in Labrador and construction of 360 miles of railroad to bring ore down to tidewater on the St. Lawrence. Iron assures a two-way bulk cargo movement. Given the through route, grain carriers from the upper lakes will unload at Montreal or other lower St. Lawrence ports and proceed to the docks at Seven Islands to take in ore for, say, Ashtabula, Ohio. In Lake Erie some ships would load coal for eastern Canadian destinations. Others would clean ship and return to Lake Superior for grain.

Obviously, then, the Seaway has become the *sine qua non* of Canadian expansion, which explains the national impatience with delay, followed by the sudden intrusion of the United States. Canada has said repeatedly that the United States may not require the waterway, and that if this is so there is no reason why Uncle Sam should spend money on it. On the other hand Canadians were infuriated (there is no softer word for it) by attempts of American interests to abort the project, even as a purely Canadian enterprise.

So the immediate reaction, when President Eisenhower signed the Seaway Act, was "Here we go again!" It was probably unfair, but it was understandable. The United States had failed, over more than twenty years, to implement its covenant. Then it had thrust itself back into the picture—and in doing so it had

not consulted Ottawa in advance to ascertain if the proposed legislation could be made to fit into Canada's plans. It is this penchant for unilateral action that has made the allies of the United States say ruefully, "You never know what the Yanks will do next."

Tariffs and Trade

Currently Canada is suffering a serious case of economic jitters as the result of Washington's tariff-and-trade policy. To focus the picture, the economies of the two countries are interdependent. Canada has always leaned heavily on the United States for fabricated goods, and the United States is looking more and more to Canada for raw materials to feed its assembly lines. Many Canadians look askance at this trend, seeing no future for their country as a producer of resources for manufacture elsewhere. Since the Second World War each nation has been the other's best customer. Trade flowed smoothly through the early postwar years. Participation of the United States in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade led Canada to believe that all was well. In spite of unhappy experiences with Republican Administrations in the past—the Smoot-Hawley tariff wall wrought havoc with the Canadian economy in the 1930's—Mr. Eisenhower talked like a low-tariff man.

However, in May, 1954, the Tariff Commission recommended to the President stiff increases in the duties on lead and zinc in spite of strong Canadian representations pointing out the serious effect such action would have on Canada's base-metals industry. Major producers had greatly expanded output early in the cold war to meet U.S. pleas for emergency production, on the assurance that the Canadian mines would receive a "square deal" and a fair return for emergency-development outlays. Mr. Eisenhower finally rejected the proposed boost. But, to quote a high official of a major Canadian producer in conversation with the writer, "We didn't know whether we were coming or going for six months."

Perplexed Ottawa

In July, 1954, the duty on clover seed, of which Canada has been a major exporter, was hoisted 200 per cent. Before that the market for cheese had been virtually wiped out, as had that for Canadian coarse grains. As this is written, Congress is proposing to curtail imports of Canadian oil into the Western states, although exports by the U.S. to eastern Canada are far higher than the Canadian shipments south. Ottawa has protested sharply.

Actually what Uncle Sam has started could be called one side of a tariff war. All that is required to make it "hot" is Canadian reprisal. Fortunately the Canadian Government can see no future in the idea, which obviously would have a deleterious effect on the defense alliance. Ottawa is clearly perplexed by the

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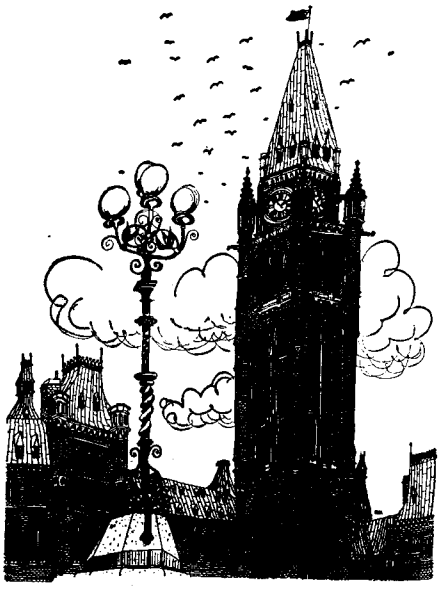
fact that the United States apparently sees no relationship between economics, or trade, and mutual defense. The general feeling in government circles is that the President is the prisoner of the party on whose ticket he ran for office, which in Canada is regarded as still being isolationist-protectionist at the core. But that is not how Mr. Eisenhower talked before he got into politics. It is still not the way he *talks*.

What is clear is that a tariff arrangement with the United States is not a firm deal, but one that is vitiated by its "peril points" and other escape clauses. The tariff cuts recently granted the President by Congress—fifteen per cent across the board over three years—actually are more deceptive than helpful. The problem in Canadian eyes is not so much the height of the wall but what the terms of entry on any product may be a month or a year hence. Quotas, curtailments, and a confusing customs structure can be more harmful than a tariff wall.

At the beginning of June, 1954, the United States, without consultation, cut its price of wheat for export by 10 1/8 cents a bushel. Canada perforce followed suit. Offerings of butter, cheese, linseed, and linseed oil followed, at what one Canadian newspaper called "fire-sale" prices. It thus became evident that the Canadian farmer had to operate in competition with the Treasury of the United States, stiff competition for a man who cannot survive without world markets. Canada's complaint is not that the United States decided to divest itself of agricultural products in storage, however. The complaint is with action taken without consultation. Rightly or wrongly, there is strong feeling in Canada that neither nation should take drastic economic steps involving major policy changes without consulting the other. The dislocations that result are too severe.

Defense Procurement

A storm is brewing, too, in defense procurement, where there is supposed to be a gentlemen's agreement that the expenditures of each country in the other would be kept in close balance. Recently the United States has made sharp cuts in its spending for matériel in Canada while insisting that "in the interests of joint defense" Canada should maintain its spending level in the United States, especially for radar equipment to be installed in the far north for mutual defense. Canadian procurement in the United States from April, 1951, to the end of December, 1953, totaled $394 million. American expenditures in Canada were $258 million, an imbalance of $136 million. This is not happening because Canada lacks the facilities to deliver the equipment. It is going on because neither Con-



gress nor the Pentagon is prepared to spend money "offshore" when such expenditure would risk the ire of the domestic manufacturer.

Canada's New Look

Yielding to pressure from Washington has been an old Canadian custom, but it is one that is not likely to recur very often. Perhaps as good an illustration of the trend as can be found is to compare the Canadian performance in the U.N. on what is still known as the "Indian Resolution" on Korea with Canada's recent acceptance of membership on the Indo-China truce team. On the Indian Resolution, Canada clearly did not want to participate in voting it down. Mr. Pearson said so plainly from the floor. But in the clutch he voted with the United States.

The story on Indo-China is quite different. Here Canada did not accept the U.S. position of shunning the whole settlement between the French-Vietnamese forces and the Communists. Canada saw it as an unfortunate reality, and when it was invited to participate with India and Poland in maintaining the cease-fire, it accepted the responsibility without bothering to ascertain whether Washington liked it or not. So, too, with Quemoy and Matsu. The Canadian government does not regard these offshore islands as worth what Pearson calls "the final war," and does not hesitate to say so.

It is on such points as this that the delicacy of the new relationship hinges. Canada has grown up. As a trading nation it has become a great power; as a political entity it ranks high among the middle powers. The country is feeling its national oats. Maybe it is even getting a little cocky. Certainly it is becoming increasingly jealous of its sovereignty. This suggests a changing relationship.

THE bill of particulars cited in this article is admittedly one-sided—purposely so. It has been an attempt to set forth some of the problems from a purely Canadian point of view. No doubt there is a valid American point of view, too, which the writer might well hold himself if he were an American. It should not be construed as an anti-American article. It is pro-American, in that a cordial relationship between the United States and Canada is perhaps the most vital one in the free world.

Good relations with the United States are the hard core of Canadian policy. Canadians are no fools. They are stable, inclined to be conservative and not addicted to hysteria. Life without the Americans is inconceivable. But to be tolerable it has to be lived on a two-way street.

No Canadian in his senses thinks of the United States as an aggressor, anxious to start the "final war." There is no question of our good will. But many of us are afraid that the United States may blunder into war, carrying Canada along.

Frictions must be reduced to a minimum. The main solution is simple, though it seems to be the most difficult lesson the United States has ever had to learn. It can be summed up in a phrase: "Consult before you move!"

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Dr. Freud Coaching at Third

RICHARD M. JONES

NOW THAT another baseball season is getting under way, a psychoanalytic interpretation of last fall's World Series would seem to be in order.

Perhaps you remember an article in *Life* just before the Series last year by Hank Greenberg, general manager of the Cleveland Indians, in which he made a statement to the effect that the Yankees had not lost the American League pennant; the Indians had won it. He went on to say that since the Yanks were dead, the Clevelands, with their high-powered farm system and their mechanized training camps, were all set to chalk up a string of pennants that would make the Yankees' five straight look like a row of two cherries and a pear on a one-armed bandit.

Greenberg's article left me with mixed feelings. I liked his idea that the Indians had won it, rather than the Yankees' losing it. All that business about "choking up" with which the sports writers had been needling Cleveland in recent years had disturbed me. That the Yanks were indeed dead gratified in me the kind of parched sadism that can come only from the tips of a Bostonian's torn and battered Red Sox.

BUT THOSE farm clubs that didn't exist so much to win ball games in their own leagues as to thresh, season, and select the future Cleveland pennant eaters! Those assembly-line training camps where a boy was expected to perfect a given set of skills in complete isolation from the psychological processes of investing his pride in a team whose identity he linked with his own! It was all vaguely disquieting to me. True, in some ways it was no more than a streamlining of the Rickey-type farm system that had given baseball such a lift in the past. But even on first reading, the Greenberg article stirred up random images of Huxley's Deltas and Gammas, of that row of Miss Americas that every year looks exactly like the row you saw last year, of vending-machine hot dogs. You know what I mean?

THERE ARE some things a man comes to put his trust in implicitly. When they just begin to get questioned, away out in the deep center field of the mind, it suddenly makes you feel like not thinking any more. That's the way it is with my conviction that baseball is and can be nothing else than a game for individuals and for teams made up of individuals. So I stopped thinking—until some time during the World Series, when it became obvious that something unnatural was loose in the world.

It was, I think, the first harvest of the Greenberg farming method, which, I am now convinced, is as stupid as walking Piersall to get to Williams. Why? Because it leaves no room for the growth of intangibles, no room for sentiment, no room for the individual, no room for love—no room, that is, for the very things that seem to kindle our need for baseball every spring. The Greenberg system seeks to manufacture ballplayers for a fixed market, instead of creating a favorable climate within which talented boys may grow up to take their places in a dynamic game. It boils down to this: If the assumptions underlying Greenberg's General Motors-like policy were to be carried to their fullest application, the Indians would have to carry a squad of psychoanalysts on their roster. Something would have to be done to revive in the players all those healthy instincts that the Greenberg system would inevitably have cut out of them.

Let's look at last year's World Series. The Giants gave us four bang-up exhibitions, four victories in a row against the supposedly invincible Indians. How to account for it? The Indians had just set a major-league record in games won in a single season. They had annihilated the Yankees and, far from "choking up," they had done it under pressure. They came into the Series with their four best pitchers—Bob Lemon, Early Wynn, Mike Garcia, and Bob Feller—all healthy and well rested. They promptly dropped four games to a Giant team that never had to take itself out of low gear. Here, indeed, was a challenge to those who concern themselves with what goes on between people.

The Oedipal Bean Ball

I shall shortly be inviting Freud in, and I would like to prepare you for that beforehand. Freud, as you know, had a lot to say about sex. As you may not know, he also had a lot to say about love and hate and individuals—all the room in the world for individuals—and integrity, and about when it is that they all get blended together for the first time: back when there were mommas and poppas, and siblings to rival with.

I feel it necessary to offer this explanation because the psychoanalytic point of view, in my experience, has a way of getting some people so hot and bothered that all they end up saying is: "I don't believe in Freud. I don't believe in Freud. I don't believe in Freud." Nothing annoys me so much as when a new acquain-

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tance, learning that I work in psychology, comes out with, "Oh, do you believe in Freud?" This, of course, is like asking a physicist does he believe in Galileo or like asking a Yankee fan does he believe in Babe Ruth.

Freud also had a few things to say about groups of people. A group—or a team—is to be distinguished from a mere collection of people. Freud found that a group, like an individual, has a unique personality. Again like an individual, it has integrity or lack of it. This group personality is something other than and more than the sum of its members' personalities.

Next, Freud says, a group, like an individual, must have a rallying point, an emotional core from which it draws its own special identity. This enables it to function as a unit, to do its job, to rise to especially challenging occasions, and, what's more, to do all this while feeling pretty good about itself. This core of integrity, this intangible feeling that "I am (or we are) somebody who counts, who can do the job and still have something left over, who can afford to feel some joy in it all," is essentially unmanufacturable. Maybe you have it most of the time, but there are days when you don't. If there were too many of those days or if they were bad enough, you might spend a few thousand dollars and a few years of your life to find out why.

BUT THAT'S another story. We are concerned here with those four particular days when the Indians didn't have it. Note, however, where one must look when trying to understand the absence of such intangibles. It is where the psychoanalyst helps you to look: away inside where the basic emotions are and where reside the important memory pictures of people and events with which these basic emotions first become associated. I have in mind such basic emotions as love, as in the way the Giant outfielder Willie Mays feels about playing baseball; hate, as in the Indians for the Yankees; and confidence, as in the Giants' easy surplus of and the Indians' sudden loss of. I also have in mind such basic relationships as father-son, as between the Giant manager, Leo Durocher, and Willie Mays; and older brother-younger brother, as Bob Feller and Bob Lemon; and intrahousehold rivalries, as the Indians and the Yankees.

FREUD talked about "choking up" too. He referred to it as "the psychopathology of everyday life"—momentary lapses when you seem to be your own worst enemy, like that time you couldn't get the boss's name off the tip of your tongue at a cocktail party, or the bad serve on a set point that you knew was heading for the net a split second before you hit the ball, or like that momentary paralysis on the front porch after a first date, or like when a pitcher who normally can direct curve balls as if he owned the air throws a high outside curve that hangs in for a tenth-inning pinch hitter. When these things happen, you can't help them, can't be blamed for them, can't undo them. You can only, as I say, try to understand *why* they happened so that you can do something about them next time. And when you find out why, you always come to see that it was on account of a feeling that there was something important you once had that you lost—or felt that you lost. It isn't always clear what it was, and it can sometimes take a lot of searching to find out. It doesn't take too much searching, however, to discover what the Indians had that they lost. It was the Yankees.

Little Shepherd vs. Big Brother

Here's the way I see it. Every team has some singular generative spark from which it draws its particular brand of spirit or ego feeling, with its own derivative set of symbols and *esprit de corps*. It can be positive, seeking to promote or to defend something that is cared for, i.e., loved. It can also be negative, seeking to destroy something that one is against, i.e., hates.

Either brand of motive power will do very nicely over a short time span or if no great changes are introduced into the environment. But in the long run and in a world of inevitable change, there is no contest between the two. That's because love is a natural sentiment that comes free with the human equipment. Given half a chance, it will educate us into persons who know how and where to direct it and, when some big change has us momentarily stymied, how to follow it. Hate, on the other hand, is not a natural sentiment, but the manufactured increment of love frustrated sour by unnatural philosophies. Given time to gather momentum, it will carry you far—all in one direction. A hater who is stymied by a major change in the scenery promptly finds himself a part of the scenery.

A TEAM'S particular spirit, set of symbols, and *esprit de corps* all emerge from and feed back into the individual personalities of the team members. There they establish a kind of give-and-take liaison with the deeply residing emotional resources of those personalities. They do so through their unconscious resemblance to the *personal* ego feelings, *personal* symbols, and *personal* family feelings that are the sources of both the care-for-something and the against-something motivations in individuals.

You can always identify these basic ingredients of integrity. They are what give emotional meaning to victory and to defeat. You can see them in any group, whether it be a

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nation, a church, a magazine staff, or a baseball team. They are, however, easier to observe in the care-for-something groups than in the against-something groups, because the former last longer. Was there ever a great ball club, for example, whose manager did not carry the prototypic aura of a good father for his players? Think of McGraw, of Stengel, of Durocher. Was there ever a great team that didn't pick up along the way a special symbolic name tag that somehow captured both its endearment to its followers and its basic brand of identity? Think of the "Gas House Gang" and the nostalgic charge you got from watching them pilfer baseball games like a bunch of kids raiding a watermelon patch. Think of "Murderers' Row" and the joyfully sadistic (or masochistic—according to your preference) charge you felt in their monotonously systematic bludgeoning of the opposition.

The Greenberg adherent may be thinking, "But isn't this just what Hank is aiming for, another 'Murderers' Row'?" The point is that you can't legislate or custom-make anything as intimately close to the as yet unexplored currents of human nature as a group's identity. Even the Yankees cannot prefabricate another "Murderers' Row." As with a youngster, you give it reasonable limits, freedom within those limits, and all the love you find it gratifying to give, and then you watch him grow his own identity. "Murderers' Row" grew spontaneously and naturally out of Yankee history, out of New York City, and out of a group of individual men who came to take a particular pride in a certain way of going about their work. It was not imposed by the management; it was accepted and protected. It was not a prefabricated mold to which all Yankee farmhands were expected to conform; it was a self-disciplined pattern, aware of its tradition and selectively sensitive to its needs and to its times.

LET'S look at the Indians now from Freud's point of view. They have a manager who is, at best, a big brother to his players. Wasn't it Al Lopez who said repeatedly that he didn't have to discipline his players because they were grown-ups? Well, good, the Cleveland players are socially mature, and never let it be said that Lopez is an authoritarian. But in times of crisis, i.e., of change, we need *all* our resources, those developed in boyhood as well as those developed in manhood. And the boyhood resources will choke up if they sense a lack of strength in the personage they instinctively turn to for reassurance. It is unnatural for a father not to discipline his sons. It is unnatural for a manager not to discipline his players. And unnaturalness in human affairs is mainly what sours for-something motives into against-something motives.

Durocher understands this instinctively. The Giants are free to romp like a bunch of kids—not only because as individuals they have gravitated into the pattern of Leo's "my kind of team" and not only because they love playing ball together but also because their day-to-day experiences reassure their boyhood confidence that the love in the hands at the helm is not without firmness. The Giants are a care-for-something team. I bet many of you Clevelanders last fall somehow found yourselves secretly pulling for Willie Mays to amaze you—barring the possibility that his color didn't artificially cancel out this reaction, happily a slight possibility, you coming from Cleveland, I mean.

The Big One-Season Hate

To the Brooklynite now mumbling, "Jeez, a halo on Durocher already," look again! Despite what his opponents may feel about him, Durocher cultivates love at home. Out of this his teams grow their own kind of integrity, their own kind of caring for something. The Giants need not depend on being against something outside themselves in order to be somebody. This is precisely why Durocher and his teams strive more aggressively than most to beat hell out of their opponents. They can afford to.

Greenberg, on the other hand, thinks the way to manufacture a winning team is first to knock out of his players their natural urge to become meaningful members of "their kind of team" right from their Class C days in the farm system. Apparently the idea is to skim off the resulting automatons with the biggest batting and earned-run averages, put identical uniforms on them, and then sit back and watch them smother their opponents by sheer weight of statistics. (Didn't I read that the Giants would have finished in the second division last year if the standings had conformed to combined player averages?) Manager Lopez, of course, is an effect, not a cause. The Greenberg system has got to have its big brother. Lopez happens to be the one it's got at the moment.

SO WITH no special symbolic manifestations of note (barring a commercialized arm patch), with an *esprit de corps* based, as far as I can see, on a ritualized "We don't choke up!" and with a big brother for a manager, what had the Indians to rally around but their collectively frustrated urge to be somebody? Given time for the souring process to reach its climax, and the stage was set for the big one-season hate. Given the Yankees as the something to be against, and the circuit was closed. The Indians were a winning machine, powered by a highly efficient against-something motor. But

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when hate is deprived of its object it cannot turn itself into sorrow or pleasant memories and then find another object. It can only turn against the hater, with extremely unpleasant consequences for his feelings about himself. This explains why the professional hater always carries a few spare enemies in case of emergency. It's like take away the State Department and there's always Harvard. It can get to be a matter of life or death with these people. It's been known to get a Senator in the elbow. It sure seemed to get Cleveland. They were the Yankee-haters. Down with the Yankees! But the Yankees were dead. Down with what? What else? Down with Cleveland, as it turned out.

We forgot the Yankees last fall, and warmed ourselves in the familiar excitement of anticipating another of those affectionate wars that are our World Series. But the Indians did not forget the Yankees. How could they, when their integrity as a team morbidly depended on the Yankees? In psychological jargon, what we saw in action was a decompensating obsessive compulsion: an inability to meet the reality of the present because it no longer contains something we've always had to believe it must contain. It's a kind of impotence before the unfamiliar. Its cause is always some form of regimentation in the early growth experiences of persons afflicted that way.

So what happened? There was no contest. The Giants had only to blow gently, and the Indians, unable to locate the familiar enemy, up and decompensated us right out of our World Series. Was it only a coincidence that Lemon's curve ball became Dusty Rhodes's personal property immediately after Mays's laughing, contemptuous theft of second base in that first game? Or was it Lemon's unconscious realization that the Giants were now calling upon a force that his team had lost its equivalent of?

'No Room for Sentiment'

And what about Bob Feller? Here was a potential source of care-for-something feelings ready for tapping. How did you feel when you read Lopez's statement before the final game of the series that "a game had to be won," that there was therefore "no room for sentiment," and that Bob Feller would not get his chance to score a World Series victory? I bet you felt a little tight in the throat—may we say "choked up"? Feller was the one great pitcher

of the generation who never got around to listing among his achievements a World Series victory, who by his comeback embodied all that was heroic in modern Cleveland baseball history. Feller was the man by whose example and under whose tutelage Cleveland's Big Three got to be Big, who had demonstrated (and this is important) that he could still win consistently against the best. Feller remained in the bull pen through four games because there was "no room for sentiment."

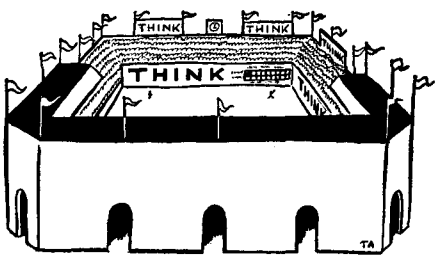
Here is where the Greenberg philosophy falls flat. It blinds itself to the most effective kind of human resource. When it loses room for the natural sentiments, it makes room for the unnatural sentiments, those inverted emotions like guilt and depression that produce the choke-up. How must the Indians have felt in Feller's inactive presence during those four games? Well, how do *you* feel about *us* these days when you sense the inactive presence of, say, J. Robert Oppenheimer? Why is he in *our* bull pen? What have *we* lost that allows no room for what he stands for?

(He expressed it in this magazine recently. It ended like this: "This cannot be an easy life. We shall have a rugged time of it to keep our minds open and to keep them deep, to keep our sense of beauty and our ability to make it . . . in this condition we can help, because we can love one another.")

I don't know what would have happened if Feller had started the first game; if the Indians had had an opportunity, out of loyalty and gratitude, out of self-respect and out of love, to try to win the big one with Mr. Cleveland Indians. The Giants might still have won. But this I'm sure of: Had such a *human* event been given room to express itself, we'd have seen one team win over another team. We would not have seen a collection of people actively lose to the only team on the field.

Picture the bolt of alarmed disbelief that might have rattled through the Giants' dugout if they had seen Feller standing on the mound the first day—with the Big Three still to come! Well, who knows? The point is that when the game comes to us filtered from its wellsprings through the kind of sieve that big-business baseball philosophy constructs, we cannot even hope to see this kind of issue resolved.

And it is in seeing just such issues resolved in our playing—which shapes our unconscious—that we become more knowing in the ways of freedom.



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Memo

To a Hollywood Producer

MARYA MANNES

WHILE you've been busy messing around with cameras under water, in the air, and back in B.C., you've missed a natural. I mean a picture about a big symphony orchestra: a portrait of one of the greatest human and artistic phenomena of our time. Believe me, this is no culture item for the art theaters. This is a gold mine: a hundred and five potential stories in one, and for once a way of using music legitimately and magnificently instead of dragging it in by the tail of some maestro's coat or the hair of some third-rate vocalist with a heart-throb past. What's more, this picture could pack a message that would make most of your Biblical Spectaculars look like children's colored picture books in large type—which is what they are.

I would start with the works: the whole orchestra, full screen; a hundred and four men and the conductor performing the last movement, let's say, of Brahms's First, or anything that uses the full potentialities of an orchestra, almost drowning the audience in sound. After a couple of minutes, I would close in on the conductor (don't have him too wild-eyed and hair-tossing—the best ones are intense but controlled) and then on his hand as he cues individual sections of the orchestra. You know how a conductor makes lifting motions toward the first violins to raise their volume, or diminishing motions, palm down, toward the brasses.

Well, follow him as he turns to the first violins on his left and then close in on the concertmaster as he plays. Let's call him Rossi; a lot of concertmasters are Italian these days, where a generation ago they were usually German. Rossi is about forty, has receding black hair, and wears glasses. He is wholly wrapped up in his playing, yet keeps a wary intermittent eye on the conductor, Lorentz—as he must. You dissolve then from the middle-aged Rossi playing at a concert to the very young Rossi winning a conservatory prize in Bologna as the prodigy-hope of his region and possibly of his country. You follow his story, which is a familiar one. Rossi had great promise, Rossi wanted to be a violin virtuoso, Rossi couldn't quite make the grade in a world that turns out Rossis every month and Menuhins once in ten years. So, emigrating from Italy to the land of opportunity, he sacrifices the dream of personal fame for the security of collective employment; and it's only when a guest artist plays a violin concerto

(and this can be shown in the picture) that the dream stirs and Rossi thinks bitterly: He is no better than I; he just got the breaks.

Man and Symphony

If you want to, you can bring in Rossi's wife, Maria; the girl he married at home who feels shy and uncomfortable in any worldly company. The kind of woman, the others say, who could never help a man get anywhere. If I were you, I would give a glimpse of Rossi's home life, showing him as a very ordinary man with no interests outside of his music and his food; a hard worker, a good family man and a "good fellow," in no way distinguished. And then I would switch back to him at the concert and show what music and responsibility do to enlarge a man, for here Rossi has the stature and purity of dedication.

Go back to Lorentz, the conductor, and follow his cue to the flutist, Renaudel. (They are often French, the wind players, but don't ask me why.) Now Renaudel is a real heller, mad for the women and wholly unreliable, except for his playing. At the moment, he happens to be having an affair with Lorentz's wife, but Lorentz doesn't know it. You could have fun with this, especially if you could lead off from "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" and Renaudel's exquisite fluting to his activities at other times of the day.

There is really no end to these explorations into the men who make the music, these human instruments whose lives form the counterpoint to the major theme of creation. There is Wagenecht, for instance, the double-bass player. His father and grandfather were double-bass players too; it never occurred to him to do anything else. Wagenecht is married to his bull fiddle, and when the orchestra first went on tour many years ago, he used to reserve a lower for it in the train, not trusting his love to the baggage car. He is a born comic and an ardent chess player, but on the whole he prefers solitude with his large vibrating companion, who never fails him—as once a woman did.

Somewhere along the line you'll have to include Brodsky, the timpanist. Catch him first at the concert, bending tenderly over his big kettledrums, his ear to the hide as he stretches or loosens it to the proper pitch; then at his moment of triumph when the tattoo of his felt-balled sticks makes a fine thunder and he stands like Zeus. As far as his home life is concerned, I think you might make him henpecked and perhaps overcome by his wife's family, so that he can assert himself only with his drums.

The Orchestra and the World

Toward the end, of course, you'll have to tackle Lorentz, the conductor, for in a sense he is the key to the meaning of the picture. Here you have a highly complicated man; an artist of the first order, with a phenomenal memory and understanding of the world's music and the power

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and skill to project it; a politician, required and able to reconcile the demands of Brodsky and Renaudel with each other, and the demands of his board of directors with those of Local 802; a contemplative man, secluded for hours on end with his scores; an extrovert, needing a public; a nervous, petty, irascible man, very vain; a man humble in the service of music.

Here is where we get close to the message I spoke about at the beginning. Don't look disgusted; you're the one who's always talking about making a picture that Means Something, that Illuminates. This is really a picture about sovereignties. Each of these hundred and four men in the symphony orchestra is an entity, with his own life, function, and power. When he plays in the orchestra, however, he submerges his sovereignty to the whole, which is music. If he did not—if he played what he wanted, when he wanted, regardless of the others and regardless of direction—there would only be chaos.

The Paradox

What is more, each of these men, instead of losing himself in the collective whole, finds himself. He finds himself in participating in something greater than he is: the act of creation. He has become a master of music (and essentially every member of a fine symphony orchestra must be one) in order to be the servant of music.

The same goes for the conductor. For while our Lorentz seems to be a dictator, guiding and compelling all the diverse elements and sovereignties into one whole, he is in reality as much a servant as any of his men. His power is the by-product and not the goal of his devotion. His sole and ultimate function is to bring to others what he has heard in silence: the universal speech of music, in all its magnificence.

I think that you ought to get going on this soon. Because the thing we lack most desperately now is a universal language, not to mention the humility to submerge our sovereignties in the learning of it. What we have now is an orchestra without a conductor, each man playing as he chooses; and the resultant cacophony is violent enough to shatter the windows of the world.

From Edison to Hi-Fi: Same Old Phonograph

ROLAND GELATT

In the seventy-eight years since the invention of the phonograph by Thomas A. Edison, then thirty, the contrivance has had many ups and downs. Just now it is up as high as it has ever been, and seems likely to remain at that altitude for some time to come. In the past five years, millions of adherents have flocked to the phonograph with all the zeal and enthusiasm of the newly converted. They are a modern bunch, strongly mid-twentieth-century in outlook, and they would take it quite amiss if you suggested that their new inventions are not so new. But long-playing discs, which initiated the current boom in home listening, were first offered for sale in 1905. By 1913, the British manufacturers of Marathon Records could advertise: "Yes, Sir, 16 minutes, 25 seconds in the playing-time of 12-Inch Record No. 2042—it establishes an unapproachable record." As for magnetic tape recording, which is used today in every studio in the world, it dates back to 1900.

The actual slogan "high fidelity" has been bandied about since 1934. Until fairly recently it usually meant nothing at all—except employment for copy writers. America's leading providers of radio and phonograph sets held strongly to the opinion that most listeners preferred music reproduced at low fidelity (soft, mellow, and flabby) to music reproduced at high fidelity (loud, brilliant, and full-bodied). In *concept,* high fidelity was supposed to be attractive: hence the advertisements. In *practice,* it was supposed to be anathema. . . . But a few stubborn souls refused to take what was offered in the name of "high fidelity." Their ears urged them on to investigate, and they found that the components for genuine high-fidelity reproduction—powerful and flexible amplifiers, sensitive and carefully balanced pickups, large and heavy loudspeakers mounted in separate enclosures—could be obtained, expensively, at certain radio-supply houses.

Pioneers of Hi-Fi

An infatuation with high-fidelity components began infiltrating the ranks of discerning record collectors in 1947 and 1948. LP records, with their heightened musical attractiveness and acoustical potentialities, turned the quest for high fidelity into something of a national mania. New, supposedly better amplifiers, turntables, pickups, loudspeakers, and enclosures were eagerly purchased by the latest high-fidelity recruit, who thereafter cast scornful aspersions on his neighbor's outdated equipment (all of a year old).

Many were the excesses perpetrated in the name of high fidelity. Gadgeteers of dubious musical sensibility delighted in employing their expensive equipment to cleave the ear with piercing piccolos and growling double basses such as never were heard in a concert hall. Bizarre recordings of thunderstorms and screaming railroad trains were concocted for those to whom high-fidelity reproduction was an end in itself and not a means to musical satisfaction. Fortunately, the fanatics were in a tiny, though vociferous, minority. The wide and lasting appeal of high-fidelity reproduction went to nongadgeteers who merely wished the music they heard at home to approximate as closely as possible the sound of live music in the concert hall or opera house. In 1954 they spent $50 million in their quest for more realistic sound.

The Tape Revolution

High-fidelity reproduction depended for its success on high-fidelity records, and high-fidelity records in turn depended on the existence of tape recording. Magnetic tape, instead of displacing the disc as predicted, had become its precious helpmeet. Tape's invasion of the recording

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studio, begun early in 1949, proceeded so implacably that within a year the old method of direct recording on wax or acetate blanks was almost completely superseded. Improvements in tape equipment and in tape itself had enormously expanded the potential frequency range of recordings. In addition, tape could be recorded upon continuously for thirty minutes or more, thus letting performers maintain the impetus and vitality of their interpretations without frequent interruptions, and it could be played back for immediate audition with no detriment to the recording. Even more important, it lent itself to "editing"—since various segments of tape could be spliced together in perfect continuity—and hence permitted the best parts of three or four different "takes" to be amalgamated into one composite recording. Tape was also amenable to other tricks: If someone happened to cough at a recording session during a moment of silence, the offending noise could be erased; if the over-all sound quality seemed too dead, an echo chamber could be employed to give it additional resonance.

Eventually, of course, the recording on tape had to be transferred to a microgroove master disc, but at that stage it would already have been meticulously edited and approved by the performer. One of the earliest converts to tape recording was Arturo Toscanini, a musician of impatient temperament who had never accustomed himself to the tense start-and-stop atmosphere of direct disc recording. The flexibility of tape made him a changed man at recording sessions; to it we owe, among many others, his recorded interpretations of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony and "Missa Solemnis."

An economic attribute of tape recording transcended all others in its effect on phonograph history. Compared to the old method, tape was enticingly cheap. For an investment of a few thousand dollars one could buy a first-class tape recorder, take it to Europe (where musicians were plentiful and low-salaried), and record great amounts of music; one could then bring the tapes back to America and have the "custom record" department of either Columbia or RCA transfer them—at a reasonable fee—to microgroove records.

One not only could, one did. Between August, 1949, and August, 1954, the number of companies in America publishing LP recordings increased from eleven to almost two hundred. Although the majority of these never progressed beyond the stage of issuing records at a fitful and unprofessional tempo, there were among the newcomers a number of vigorous and imaginative enterprises that secured a firm foothold in the record business. . . . One of them, perhaps the most successful, was the Westminster Recording Company, formed in 1949 by three phonograph enthusiasts with a capital of $23,000, which in five years had built up a catalogue of five hundred LP records and was nearing the $2-million mark in annual sales, primarily of classical music.

The Widening Range

At the start, Westminster and its rival contemporaries had to reckon with one seriously delimiting reality: The large, well-established companies had cornered the supply of famous performers and mined the lode of standard repertoire with preemptive thoroughness. Because of this, the post-1949 newcomers concentrated their efforts on nonstandard literature performed by nonfamous musicians. In so doing they were extraordinarily successful, artistically and commercially. During 1950, the first year of substantial LP sales, America's small independent companies set a pattern by adding to the repertoire such esoteric works as Arnold Schoenberg's "Serenade," Mozart's "Coronation Mass" and "Idomeneo," Haydn's "Creation" and "Nelson Mass," Kodály's "Te Deum," Richard Strauss's "Aus Italien," and Bach's "St. John Passion"—none of them ever committed in their entirety to records before. The ensuing LP steeplechase left everyone breathless. From 1950 to the present, new recordings of classical music have been thrown on the market at an unheard-of tempo—more than ten thousand of them, in fact. As this article went to press, twenty-two different recordings of the Beethoven "Eroica" were available on American LP records, conducted by a variety of musicians from the past

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and present, priced variously from $1.98 to $5.95. Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" could be heard in five unabridged versions, Mozart's D minor Piano Concerto in ten, the Franck symphony in thirteen, and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" in twenty-two.

In addition, the scramble for fresh repertoire had unearthed music long forgotten and had afforded contemporary composers a hearing they might otherwise never have enjoyed in their lifetimes. Musical taste veered to the prevailing currents of the LP flood; the growing vogue for Vivaldi and other Italian instrumental composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, for instance, was directly attributable to the missionary work of records. Not all of this rediscovered music was imaginatively or even adequately performed. The very ease and cheapness of tape recording had brought a certain lowering of standards. Sometimes performances were superficially prepared and hastily recorded. But such malefactions could not detract appreciably from the unparalleled musical riches being lavished on the mid-twentieth-century listener. Jacques Barzun expressed it with an apt regard for historical perspective when he observed in *God's Country and Mine*:

"This mechanical civilization of ours has performed a miracle for which I cannot be too grateful: it has, by mechanical means, brought back to life the whole repertory of Western music—not to speak of acquainting us with the musics of the East. Formerly, a fashion would bury the whole musical past except a few dozen works arbitrarily selected . . . [Today] neglected or lesser composers come into their own and keep their place. In short the whole literature of one of the arts has sprung into being—it is like the Renaissance rediscovering the ancient classics and holding them fast by means of the printing press. It marks an epoch in Western intellectual history."

Same Old Phonograph

The bounty was not falling on unreceptive ears. . . . At the close of 1954, Toscanini's two-year-old recording of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony had found 130,331 buyers and gave no evidence of losing its sales momentum. Twenty years earlier, a recording of the Ninth Symphony did well to sell five hundred copies within a similar period; forty years earlier, a recording of the Ninth had not even been made. Unlike some other instruments of mass communication, the phonograph has moved ever upward in its cultural status. . . .

Still, it was the same old phonograph. . . . Did history ever repeat itself more succinctly than on July 13, 1954, when RCA Victor—as if minting a brand-new idea—announced a set of records called "The Listener's Digest," which offered abridged versions of popular symphonic warhorses that would be "inexpensive, friendly, short, and easy to enjoy" and would "fit in with today's tempo of living"? Had there not been something of the kind before? And what of the equally starry-eyed enthusiasm with which Columbia launched a new series of records called "Opera for Orchestra"? Were these not close kin to the "Gems from . . ." records that had belonged to any self-respecting Victrola household of 1910? Was the advertising jargon of 1954 ("the maximum dynamic range, marvelous presence, and the widest possible frequency range without any artificial peaks") really any different from that of 1909 ("recorded by an entirely new process with great beauty of tone, which is fuller, rounder, and in every way superior to others")? What was the basic distinction between a 1954 Cook Laboratories record called *Voices of the Sea* ("the fury and calm of the eternal sea, including Rocky Coast Surf, Harbor Sounds, Queen Mary Whistle, Pebbly Beach") and an 1898 Columbia cylinder called *Down on the Suwanee River* ("Pulling in the Gang Plank, Steamboat Bells, Whistle, and Dance on Board with Negro Shouts and Clogs")? And was there not a germinal similarity between the two-horned Polyphone Phonograph, advertised so proudly in the 1890's, and the multispeaker assemblages on which high-fidelity fans expended so much money some fifty years later?

(Mr. Gelatt's article is excerpted from The Fabulous Phonograph: From Tin Foil to High Fidelity, *to be published by Lippincott this fall.)*

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Was T. E. Lawrence A Fake?

JOHN ROSSELLI

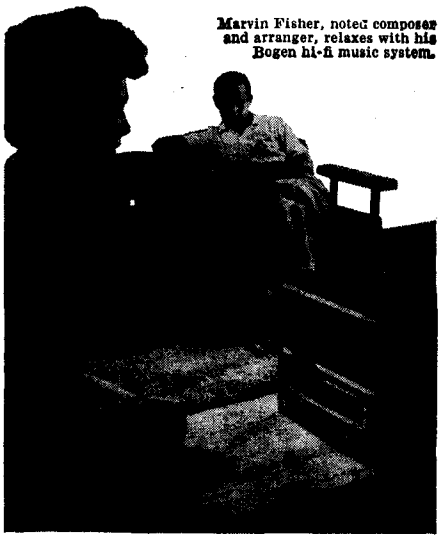
DEAD MEN'S BONES need not always rattle. But there is a dry and knocking sound to the controversy that has spluttered in British literary pages since the end of January, when the novelist Richard Aldington published a fat volume debunking Lawrence of Arabia. T. E. Lawrence was twenty years dead when Aldington denounced him as "at least half a fraud"—a neurotic who built up a legend for himself by putting about false or exaggerated stories to his own advantage. Now, after a lot of time and print have gone to register emotions ranging from fury to gleeful assent, Lawrence's bones seem to be neither at peace nor composed in a lasting pattern. He still puzzles in death as he loved to "tease" in life.

"There are things about which, understand them or not, you must hold an opinion. In general matters . . . Chiang Kai-shek, or the effect of the atomic bomb upon the weather . . . in literary matters, T. E. Lawrence." In this fashion a columnist in the London *Bookseller* magazine sums up Britain's latest literary rumpus. But then this one has been going on since the First World War. Lawrence was always a legend, but not always the same legend. Though he thrived on contradiction, the progress of his fame—which Aldington has now tried to halt for good—can be set out in three stages. In 1917, when Lawrence, a young ex-archaeologist and wanderer of less than thirty, was trying to raise the tribes of western Arabia against the Turks, few Britishers knew of him aside from a small knot of soldiers and political agents in the Middle East. If any one man launched the legend anywhere, Lowell Thomas did it in New York: In March, 1919, he started lecturing about the new hero at the Century Theatre. Thomas, who had seen Lawrence in Arabia, soon brought his lecture to London, where it was a great hit. Eventually it turned into a best-selling book. At this stage Lawrence was "the young shereef . . . with his Anglo-Saxon face, gorgeous headdress and beautiful robes," and the story of his exploits was not far different from an elevated Western. As it got under way, Lawrence—who right after the war had done important political jobs in the Middle East for the then Colonial Secretary, Winston Churchill—vanished into the Royal Air Force as an enlisted man and under an assumed name. The leader turned military monk—here was the pinch of mystery that kept the legend sweet until Lawrence's death in 1935. Meanwhile the poet Robert Graves and the military historian B. H. Liddell Hart fed it by bringing out biographies which, if they were more factual and less ecstatic than Thomas's, showed Lawrence as first of all a unique figure in the war.

Hamlet in Arab Robes

Then Lawrence, soon after his discharge from the R.A.F., crashed his motorcycle as he swerved to avoid two messenger boys on a country road in Dorset where he lived. The monument that friends put up to him in a Dorset church still showed him in his Arab robes. But the printed monuments that they brought out in the next year or two made for another and very different stage in the legend.

The Seven Pillars of Wisdom, only privately printed in Lawrence's lifetime, showed that the Lawrence who took the Arabs into Damascus through blood, dung, and death was not the same man as the supposed "Prince of Mecca" (his own entry in the 1921 *Who's Who*). Here, as in the published letters and in his friends' reminiscences—some still dithyrambic, others both frank and conflicting—what came out of the printed page was a modern Hamlet, the hero compelled to act but dogged by self-distrust and self-disgust. "The



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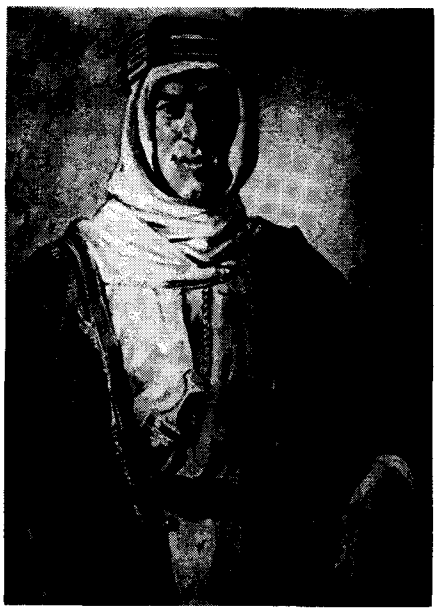
truth," he had written, "was I did not like the 'myself' I could see and hear." Readers might not agree, but faced with this dislike of a self Lawrence could seldom forget, with the sense of a lid kept down on hidden violence, with a mixture of frankness and concealment, they might well say with E. M. Forster that "T. E. was a very difficult person"—which, of course, made him all the more interesting.

Then came the Second World War, and new Lawrences sprang up in Burma, in Italy, and the Middle East. When the intellectual soldier of fortune became a commonplace, Lawrence slipped back into the middle distance. He was not forgotten, but such questions as whether he had or hadn't been a great military leader stood for the most part unanswered. Finally Aldington revived the rumpus.

The Rival Camps

His book came out after about a year of rumblings and maneuvers behind the scenes. On one side were Lawrence's family and friends—the "Lawrence Bureau" of dedicated boosters, as Aldington called them; on the other a little band of the debunker's helpers and researchers—the "Aldington Demolition Squad" was the name Sir Ronald Storrs (Lawrence's colleague in Arabia) thought up for them in a BBC broadcast. As Aldington's publishers kept announcing and putting off publication, rumors and proof copies went about. Both sides appealed to various authorities for backing on disputed points, even to Sir Winston Churchill; and the pro-Lawrence group brought out its own printed ammunition—a new edition of *T. E. Lawrence by His Friends*, the memorial volume first issued in 1937, and, a fortnight after the Aldington bomb had at last gone off, the first edition of Lawrence's own *The Mint*, the "iron, rectangular, abhorrent book" about life in the R.A.F. which through its frankness about living people and its free use of four-letter words had until then remained in manuscript. (Doubleday has now published a limited edition of *The Mint* in the United States at twenty dollars a copy.)

Lawrence, whose poker-faced irony led some of his friends to call him



The Bettmann Archive

Lawrence, from a painting by Augustus John

an "imp" and even a "monkey," would probably have laughed at all this fuss. Certainly it looks as though no one can touch him without being drawn into the great game of puzzling or "teasing." Aldington himself added to the general bewilderment by bringing out two versions of his book, one in English and one in French. The English book, he said, was a modest "biographical enquiry . . . not a biography" or "in any sense a final portrait of the man"; in it he conceded that Lawrence had "peculiar abilities" and that some of his stories might after all not be false or consciously invented.

These reservations did not do very much to tone down Aldington's harsh attack. But the French book, in which they did not appear, was even harsher. Though the gist of it was the same as the English text, Aldington (who attacked Lawrence for being different things to different men and "keeping his friendships in bulkheads") let himself go in a number of passages that might have been too strong for English tastes. Of Lawrence's misadventure at Deraa in 1918—when he slipped into the Turkish lines, was arrested, assaulted by a homosexual Bey, and then savagely flogged—the French book said: "A harsh, perhaps inevitable punishment for the insolence and contempt for the enemy which led him to believe he could get out of any dangerous situation whatever,

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and which showed how much curious ignorance there was in his affected omniscience. No regular soldier would have attempted so mad an enterprise . . . Lawrence . . . often called the Turks 'stupid.' One wonders who was then the stupider of the two."

There were wheels within wheels: Robert Graves, writing a furious review in the London *News Chronicle,* cried that this comment "in better days would have earned [Aldington] the horsewhip." Yet the comment did not appear in the English book which Graves was ostensibly reviewing. There is matter in this whole affair for a fat Ph.D. thesis—if anyone has the patience and thinks it worthwhile.

THE ALDINGTON BOMB, in either language, was a Molotov breadbasket—it held in its 388 packed pages and 1,300 references any number of minor charges about which people could and did quarrel. In investigating Lawrence's career with "the minute care of a literary detective" (or, as it often seemed, of a prosecuting attorney), Aldington picked on every issue from the biggest to the smallest. Lawrence claimed to have been offered the job of High Commissioner in Egypt; Aldington said this was untrue. Lawrence claimed to have had a bicycle built for him by Mr. Morris of Oxford, then an unknown man but later Lord Nuffield of the Morris automobile works; Aldington said this was untrue too. And so on.

Attack and Counterattack

As for the Arab revolt, Aldington claimed that it amounted to little in the war; Lawrence did not really lead it and what he did do was mostly small-time stuff, often incompetently carried out at that. On the other hand, he said, Lawrence's "truly remarkable" skill at political string-pulling had played the chief part in an intrigue to push the French out of the Middle East and establish the British there in defiance of wartime agreements; this was a bad blunder but it influenced the whole course of recent history. Aldington did not clearly explain just how the nonleader of a nonrevolt achieved all this. "Propaganda" seemed to be his answer.

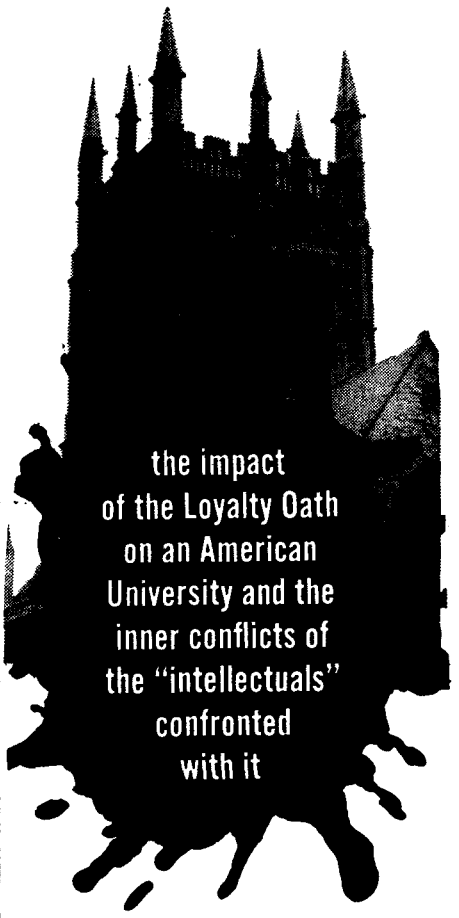
What made the propagandist tick? Aldington's chief explosive charge was his revelation that Lawrence was the illegitimate son of an Irish baronet, Sir Thomas Chapman, who had run off to England with a Scottish governess and changed his name. This undisclosed "guilty secret" about which the family felt a religious shame had, he said, plagued Lawrence all his life, driving him at once to an attempt at recapturing his inheritance by a barren exercise of will power, and to periodic escapes like his flight into the anonymity of the enlisted ranks. Mother-ridden, he had also been driven into homosexuality (as Aldington concluded after a sarcastic survey of Lawrence's writings) and into a pathological hatred of all women except a few who could act as substitute mothers.

Here Aldington's facts about Lawrence's parentage were undoubtedly true; his interpretation (based, just to complete the puzzle, on an unpublished letter of Lawrence's which can be read at the British Museum but not quoted) much more debatable.

WHERE DOES all this leave the legend? The dust of the Aldington explosion still hangs thick in the British air. Here are the first reactions as the *Bookseller* counted them up:

"Anti-Aldington, pro-Lawrence (outraged), 9; anti-Aldington, anti-Lawrence (bored), 3; pro-Aldington, pro-Lawrence (uncomfortable), 2; pro-Aldington, anti-Lawrence (enthusiastic), 1; indifferent on one side (guarded), 2; indifferent on both sides (mock judicial), 1."

The "outraged" group accused Aldington of himself distorting the truth. Liddell Hart took him through the military and diplomatic story, claiming that Aldington had merely revealed his own "limitations of knowledge" and "extraordinary disregard for accuracy"; he also came near demolishing the claim that Lawrence lied when he said he had been "offered Egypt," since Sir Winston Churchill, it seems, now thinks he "very likely" did offer Lawrence the job in conversation. David Garnett, the editor of Lawrence's letters, established the truth of the "crucial case of the bicycle." Graves protested



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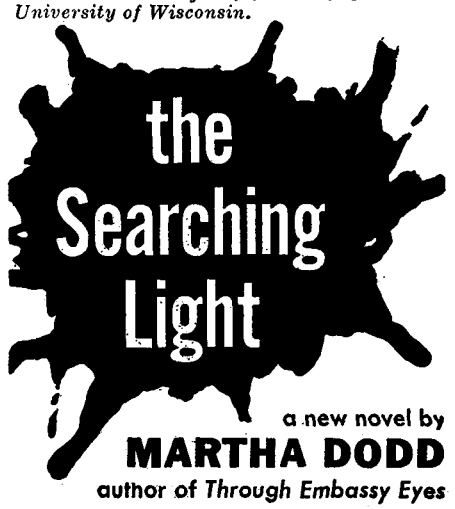

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that Lawrence was not a homosexual and the "S.A." to whom he dedicated *Seven Pillars* was not (as Aldington suggested) an Arab boy nicknamed Sheikh Achmed but a mysterious woman. Everybody cried out against the unveiling of Lawrence's illegitimacy at a time when his mother is still alive at ninety-three. Many saw a strange passion at work in the debunker, and Garnett, digging up a youthful poem in which Aldington had compared himself to a chrysalis stifled in a matchbox, detected an attempt at psychological compensation: "Who," asked Garnett, "will be the next victim of this wingless creature?"

BUT ELSEWHERE people responded according to the stage the legend had reached in their own minds. Those who still saw Lawrence as the "Prince of Mecca" of the first stage—among them some surprising names like Christopher Sykes, an expert on the Middle East—had to admit that Aldington had opened their eyes. Others, more familiar with the Hamlet of the second stage, pointed out that although Aldington spent a lot of time counting up the books which Lawrence claimed to have read and the distances he claimed to have cycled, people like the historian Sir Lewis Namier had long before admitted his utter lack of "a legal conception of fact or a mathematical conception of accuracy." Lowell Thomas and Graves, too, had admitted his "genius for backing into the limelight." He was, Graves had once said, "like a child who hides behind a curtain and keeps showing little bits of himself to dramatize his sense of being in hiding."

Like some other people (and not a few Irishmen) he had indeed made and lived his own legend; but that did not mean that the legend itself was not a historical fact to be reckoned with or that there was nothing but emptiness behind it. Probably the best comment came from C. M. Woodhouse, himself one of the neo-Lawrences of the last war, Aldington, he said, in a muddled and savage way had helped to show what Lawrence was not; but he had not shown what Lawrence was, and he had made it harder for others to find out.

Elusive Genius

Well, what was he? As eminent men in their late sixties brought out long articles and retired generals in their eighties wrote letters to the papers, the dust of words came to seem more and more unreal. One onlooker, punning on the title of Duff Cooper's autobiography, *Old Men Forget*, said, "You know, you might call this whole business *Old Men Don't Forget.*" Indeed there is an oddly off-center look to the quarrel: its subject a dead and very Irish Irishman of elusive genius, whose career touched its height in the desert; his accuser a novelist whose reputation was at its height twenty-five years ago, and who now lives in the south of France and seems on principle to prefer French ways to English. Britain, if it feels anything, may feel a little unconcerned; Britain may just be bored.

As for Lawrence, perhaps the last word about him was Robert Graves's comment in a calmer moment before the war: "To the end [he] fought coherence. I could not, and cannot, do for him what he had set his face against doing for himself."

The New Puerto Rico And Its Leader

LEE CULPEPPER

TRANSFORMATION: THE STORY OF MODERN PUERTO RICO, by Earl Parker Hanson. *Simon and Schuster. $5.*

TO THE New Yorker who considers Puerto Ricans merely a problem, this account of the transformation of their homeland will come as a revelation. If these people of varied ancestry, teeming on sidewalks, in subways, and around doorways, outlandish in speech even to an *Anglo* who studied Spanish in high school, do not seem notably lovable, neither, it must be remembered, did the Irish at the time of the 1863 Draft Riots. Perhaps the Puerto Ricans will get a better press in a decade or so. They may even be endeared to us by a witty and philosophical Señor Duli writing in a comical dialect. Meanwhile, they are well served by Mr. Hanson.

Until a few years ago, Puerto Rico would have been no worse off under the liberal home-rule charter granted by Spain in 1897. Our introduction of sanitation had resulted only in population increase. We had shown no economic imagination. Soil and people alike had become more and more impoverished.

A big change began with the depression. Without the change, Puerto Ricans in great numbers would have starved. First mass relief was tried, made the more necessary by a revised sugar quota that deprived thousands of their pitifully low wages from the U.S. sugar companies.

Straight relief developed into work relief, but the need was to change the basic economy. Mr. Hanson, like many other New Dealers, came from the mainland in 1935 to reshape this "microcosm for all the world's colonial evils" through the Puerto Rico Reconstruction Administration's revolving fund of $40 million. But the PRRA, staffed largely by outsiders and directed from Washington, was an inspired failure. Mr. Hanson came to identify himself with the natives during his one-year stay, becoming highly intolerant of "continentals."

Luis Muñoz Marín

The native leader Mr. Hanson most admired was the poet and journalist —in English and Spanish—Luis Muñoz Marín. Appropriately, he was born in 1898, the year of "liberation." His father had won the home-rule charter from Spain and later served as Puerto Rico's Resident Commissioner in Washington. Hanson met Muñoz in 1925, when the latter's modest New York apartment was the scene of Sunday-evening gatherings of both Latin- and Anglo-

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American intellectuals. At that time and for more than a decade afterward, Muñoz in his articles for the liberal weeklies, the *American Mercury*, the Baltimore *Sun*, and his own struggling newspaper *La Democracia* in San Juan advocated independence as the only solution for Puerto Rico's ills. But he was never affiliated with that overpublicized little band of obscurantist fanatics, Albizu Campos's Nationalist Party, whose terrorism has done even more harm to the island than the third-rate continental politicians our Presidents used to appoint as Governors.

When our government's chief interest in the Puerto Ricans lay in Americanizing them in a vacuum, Muñoz's ideas and ideals were ignored by most *Anglos* and many islanders. He subsisted on hamburgers and bananas, sometimes sleeping in an old car he drove wherever the whim might take him. With the approach of winter in 1930, when it became too cold for roaming, he hibernated in Lewis Gannett's Connecticut house. In the spring he drove down to New York, gave the car (which had a contracted a flat) to an old suffragette he knew, and boarded a ship for Puerto Rico, then like himself at the lowest ebb.

Two years later Muñoz was elected an insular senator but spent much time in Washington lobbying for his people. In the reaction following the Nationalists' assassination of Colonel Riggs, chief of the police force, in 1936, a coalition of Republicans and (un-)Socialists defeated the Liberals. For four years Muñoz was again an outsider.

He used these years well. Splitting from the Liberals, he founded the Popular Democratic Party. With only a few devoted followers at first, he accomplished the miracle of convincing the back-country agricultural workers that they should vote for him and the new party—and thus for themselves—without the traditional two-dollar payment. He no longer mentioned independence and other doctrinaire issues. In 1940 the Populars won a Senate majority and half the House. As new President of the Senate, Muñoz was on his—and Puerto Rico's—way.

During the war, under Rex Tugwell, the last and best continental Governor, Puerto Rico suffered much but gained more. "Operation Bootstrap" might well have been termed "Operation Rum" at that period. Whiskey was scarce on the mainland but Puerto Rican rum was not, with the result that the purchase of a bottle of it was often a prerequisite for buying a bottle of rye. Under the generous provisions of Puerto Rico's organic law, excise taxes collected on the island remain there. With these revenues increasing sixfold, the insular government found funds to make a big start in reshaping the economy.

When the war ended, rum sales fell, but a broader economic base had been laid. The government had put teeth in the long-flouted Five-Hundred-Acre Law by buying sugar lands owned by corporations in excess of that figure. The Planning Board had constructed a glass factory—endorsed by Senator Taft even though it was state-owned—a cement plant, and factories to produce pulpboard, clay products, and shoes. Later the Water Resources Authority created a TVA-type network of power lines that has helped attract light industries from the mainland, and another agency spent $7.2 million to erect the sumptuous Caribe Hilton Hotel to lure tourists. Now Puerto Rico is studied by observers from underdeveloped countries in both hemispheres.

Puerto Rico Can Move Ahead

Progress has been gratifyingly rapid since Muñoz became the first elected Governor in 1948 and the first under the new Commonwealth in 1952. Even migration and the birth rate, those familiar indices of Puerto Rican misery, have dropped sharply. So has the death rate, which at 7.7 per thousand is well under that of the United States. Though the birth rate is now about 35 per thousand compared with 42.2 in 1947, in a population of about 2.4 million there is still an excess of births over deaths of some sixty-five thousand per year. Obviously the Puerto Rican government has its hands full in its efforts to reduce unemployment and rural underemployment. Mr. Hanson is confident that as living conditions improve, the birth rate will continue to drop, but he is reticent on just how this will happen

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in a predominantly Catholic land.

The government's inducements to entrepreneurs from the mainland might seem to be much the same as in Mississippi—low wage rates and a ten-year holiday from insular taxes. (There are no Federal corporate-income taxes in Puerto Rico.) But there is an essential difference: no tax exemption for runaway plants. In an about-face from its former policy, the government has sold its industries to private investors, using the proceeds and the excise revenues to build new plants to lease to mainland firms, and for new housing, internal improvements, and promotion. Such measures may be pragmatic and unorthodox, but they are working well. So are the industrious and newly hopeful Puerto Ricans.

Muñoz can remain Governor as long as his health permits. His successor may well come from his talented staff of "poets in government" now in Puerto Rico, but possibly he will be a dark, intense young man now driving an uninsured and all but tireless jalopy in New York.

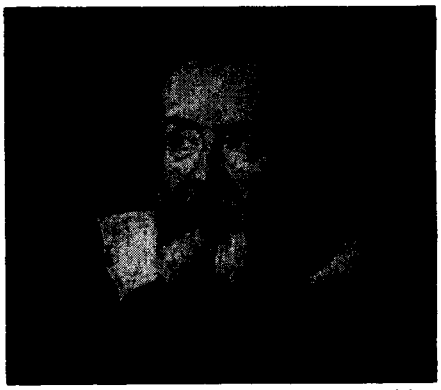
Galileo, Too, Was Denied Clearance

H. S. POLIN

THE CRIME OF GALILEO, by Giorgio de Santillana. *University of Chicago. $5.75.*

ON APRIL 12, 1633, Galileo Galilei was brought before the Tribunal of the Inquisition in Rome, charged with heresy. Two months later he was found guilty by the court of ten cardinals, of whom, however, only seven signed the instrument. Specifically, he was charged with having published, in defiance of a prohibition issued by ecclesiastic authority in the year 1616, his views on astronomy, which supported and amplified the Copernican theories. He was sixty-nine years old. For forty years he had been a divergent voice in the ear of academic orthodoxy.

Galileo, the scientist born into the era of the intellectual tug of war between the accepted and Church-approved philosophies of Aristotle and Ptolemy and the emerging natural philosophies of Copernicus, Benedetti, Kepler, and William Gilbert, soon found himself in the forefront of the struggle. He had perfected the telescope, and his first observations—for instance, of spots on the sun—made unacceptable to him the Ptolemaic theory which postulated the earth as the immovable center of the celestial system. His researches in mathematics and mechanics and his demonstrations in physics and optics won for him acclaim and powerful friendships within the Church and without. He also gained some powerful enemies.



The Bettmann Archive

Giorgio de Santillana, in scholarly detail and exciting narrative, has reinterpreted the available documents of the trial and has contributed a fascinating addition to the number of extensive biographies which variously praise, belittle, deride, defend, and excuse a character whose position in the history of science must remain a matter for controversy.

While engaged last year in the preparation of a new edition of the Salusbury translation of Galileo's *Dialogue on the Great World Systems,* Santillana was ". . . drawn to the drama which played a decisive part in that fateful event of mod-

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ern history, the secularization of thought." He holds that Galileo did not come to grief as a scientist defying a religious credo, but rather as the victim of a conspiracy in which both he and the Church were unknowing participants. The tragedy of the geneticists in Russia and the Oppenheimer security-clearance hearing in Washington are seen by Santillana as related manifestations of an intellectual climate antagonistic to the individualist. He is fair enough to let the Galileo research speak for itself and in his preface says:

"But parallels are at best an invitation to thought, and this one should not be pushed too far. What I think can be brought out in all these cases is that—at least when the question reaches the higher echelons—it is not so much a matter of 'science' versus 'prejudice' as of the classic question coming up again: 'What *is* the scientist?' It is usually the scientist who is taken by surprise by a redefinition of his activities coming from the outside. And the result is always one more turn racked up on the old screw. By subjecting the scientist as a cultural being to the administrative suspicion that usually attaches to questionable adventurers in international traffics, we have simply brought one step further the process of secularization of thought."

The excerpts of archive material selected by Santillana to support his thesis are effective arguments, and the personality of Galileo is made vivid as it worked to drive some of his scientific colleagues into enmity and opposition, while drawing others to his side. The panorama of ecclesiastic and academic life of the era provides a remarkably vivid background for the drama of a Galileo, who persisted in his experiments at Pisa and Padua, exchanging communications with Kepler and others, ever alert to a gathering storm that was to end with the trial and his recantation of a lifelong work and belief. It is the substance of tragedy.

WAS GALILEO a temporizer? Is there evidence that his character was less sterling than his science? The author of this book thinks not. The facts of history, as distinguished from the flintlike facts of science, are plastic and responsive to the sculpture of man, the weathering of time.

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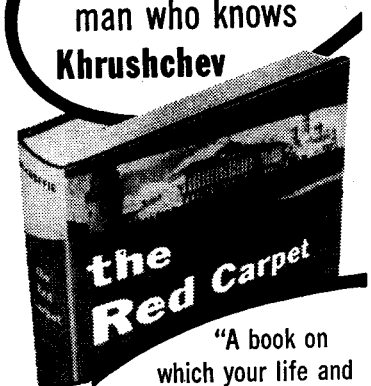

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Manzoni's Modest Masterpiece

FRANCES FRENAYE

MANZONI AND HIS TIMES, by Archibald Colquhoun. *Dutton. $5.*

WE MAY BE glad that the circumstances that caused Archibald Colquhoun to make Alessandro Manzoni's *The Betrothed* come alive in a new translation for British and American readers have also led him to interpret the life of its author.

Italian scholars have scrutinized Manzoni, their country's next-to-best-known writer, almost as exhaustively as Dante. Mr. Colquhoun has synthesized their research and given us a lively picture, not only of Manzoni but also of the crosscurrents of early nineteenth-century ideas and events that worked upon him. He is perhaps slightly partial to rationalism, and his most vivid descriptions are those of the French *Idéologues* and of Manzoni's youthful friendship with Claude Fauriel, which he sees as an unconsciously persisting influence like that of his grandfather, the amateur penologist Beccaria, long after the writer had renounced his disbelief and become a defender of Catholicism.

Because Mr. Colquhoun is determined to cut through the rhetoric that made Manzoni, even in the course of his own overlong life and to his ironical regret, "an Italian national monument," he gives us a highly detached view of his subject's private life and what we should nowadays call his neurotic disposition. As a twentieth-century biographer, he cannot help guessing at the strains and stresses behind the façade of the normal nineteenth-century household in which Manzoni lived with a wife who had been chosen by his strong-minded mother, and numerous disappointing children.

BUT MR. COLQUHOUN is not guilty of the ultrapsychological approach; he writes in the urbane British tradition and is content to rest the case with the writer's single masterpiece, *I Promessi Sposi*. This "meditation on what is and what ought to be" was the mold into which Manzoni poured, once and for all, his highest capacities; the careful preparation made possible by a leisurely existence (which, incidentally, he told a disciple was less good for an artist than the contact with real life enjoyed by a man with a profession); the feeling for humble people, never before protagonists of an Italian novel; and the distillation of a Catholic philosophy as moral as that of his Jansenist mentors and yet infinitely more temperate. The experience of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, cataclysms crowded into as few years as were the two world conflicts of our day, left Manzoni skeptical on a broader basis than that of his youth; that is, he came to think that the vagaries of men's behavior could not be combated with belligerent rationalism alone.

As the sum of all the contradictory influences that played upon him, Manzoni is less monolithic but more interesting than the textbooks had let us know. The sober English jacket of this book must not be allowed to hide the stimulating illustrated material within or put us off from making a closer acquaintance with the man whom Goethe described as "Christian without fanaticism, Catholic without hypocrisy, devout without bigotry."

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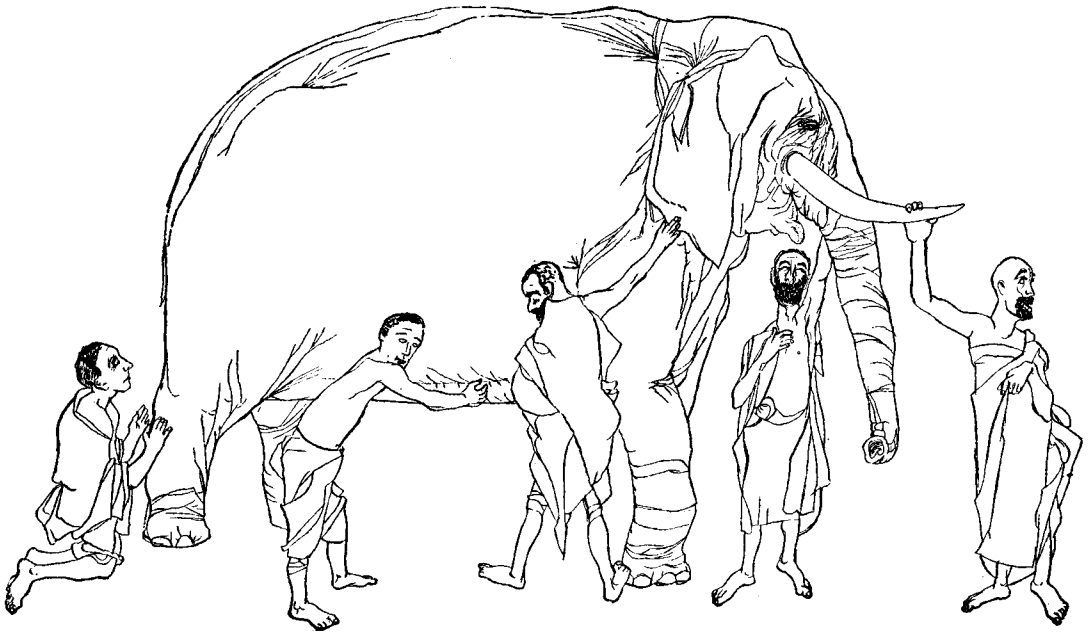

To get the whole truth you have to get the whole picture

THE BLIND MAN who touched the elephant's head said "An elephant is like a water pot." The one who felt his ears said "like a basket." Another fingered the tusks and said "An elephant is like a plow." Feeling the legs, a fourth said "like a post." And the blind man who touched the elephant's belly asserted "An elephant is like a granary."

It's the same way with the news. You touch a part and you think "This is how it is"—*but you may be wrong.* Even when you understand one or more parts of the news perfectly, you may still put the parts together incorrectly, you may still base an inexact over-all picture on them. To get the whole truth, you have to get the whole story.

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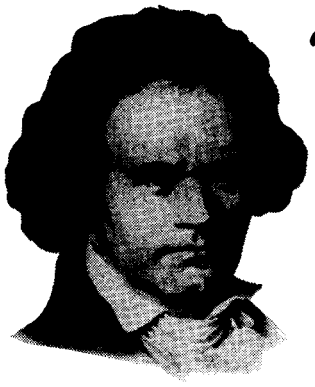

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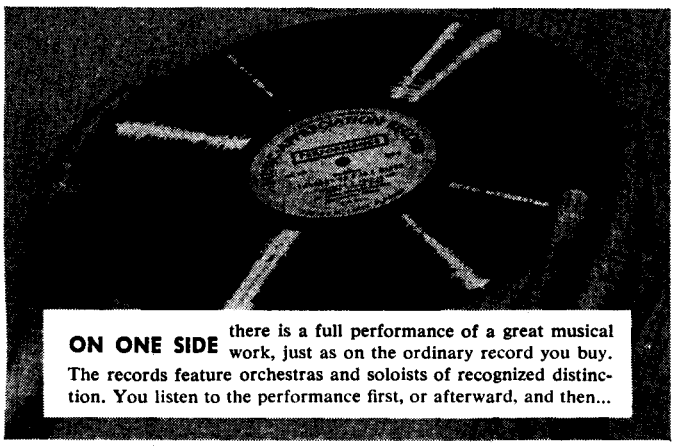

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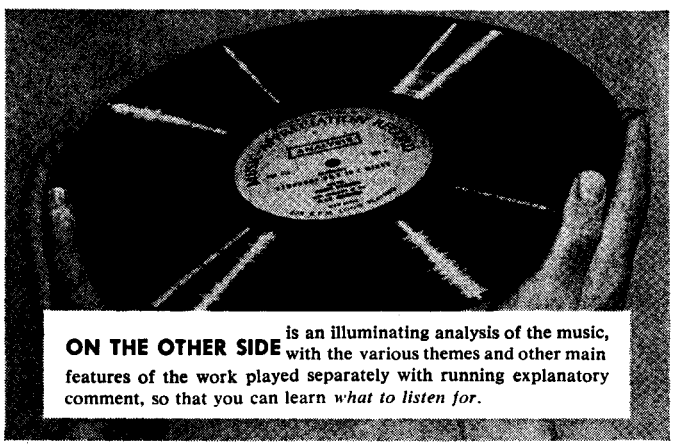

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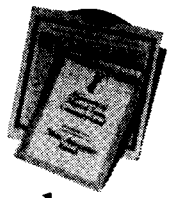

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